

Hox

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UNITED COLLEGES
WINNIPEG, MAN.



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Albert Edward Hetherington

1867-1928

VOX

Vol. II

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Spring Term
1929



Albert Edward Hetherington,

B.A., B.D., S.T.M., D.D.

Late Professor of Religious Education, Wesley College

Albert Edward Hetherington was born about sixty years ago near Smith Falls, Ont. When he was a mere lad the family moved to Lucknow on the boundary line between Huron and Bruce. Here his father died. In those days Huron and Bruce were sending many of their sons and daughters to the new land opening up in the west, and the Hetherington family joined with many others in the search for a new home. After a short sojourn near Portage la Prairie, Man., a homestead was taken up near what was known as Plum Creek in the early days, now the thriving town of Souris. Here his boyhood days were spent and here his early education obtained. While attending school in the nearby town he lived with his sister, Mrs. Dolmadge. She noticed that the growing lad was of a religious thoughtful turn of mind and was asking many serious questions. That she might aid him she secured for him the Chautauqua course of reading and entered heartily into the study of these with him. When writing a few months ago to Mrs. Dolmadge from Galipoli he recalled the study of the Chautauqua course with her and attributed much of his later interest in oriental life to that course of reading.

A Wesley Student

In 1889 he registered as a student in the second class of Wesley College and graduated in 1893 with the silver medal for general proficiency in the general B.A. course. Among the graduates from Wesley that year are such well-known names as Rev. Dr. James Endicott, Rev. W. W. Abbott,

Rev. R. R. Bennett, Messrs. J. K. Sparling and H. W. Whitla.

After spending the usual time on probation he went to Victoria College to complete his Theological training, where he obtained his degree of Bachelor of Divinity.

After ordination he joined the B.C. Conference and in 1898 was asked to become, with Rev. Mr. Turner, the pioneer missionary to the Klondike. In this new land with its peculiar situation and difficult problems he rendered fine service, and did a lasting work.

In 1902 he returned to pastoral work in Vancouver. One of his appointments was the Chown Memorial Church, where he took the lead in building the present church. The Board of this Church, through its pastor, Rev. O. M. Sandford, paid a fine tribute to the character, work and achievement of Prof. Hetherington while filling that pastorate.

For a short time he was a member of the staff of Columbia College, and principal of that institution. On severing his connection with it, he went abroad to study the Old Testament and Religious Education. Part of the time was spent at the University of Chicago and part at Harvard. From the latter institution he received the degree of Master of Systematic Theology.

Called to Wesley College

He then returned to a brief pastorate in B.C., from which he was called to be Secretary of Young People's work in Manitoba, and professor of Religious Education in Wesley College. On the death of Rev. D. Stewart, he took over the

work of Hebrew Literature and Language in co-operation with Prof. E. Guthrie Perry. This position he held until the time of his death.

During all the years he kept in close touch with the Council of Religious Education, and watched with intelligent interest the developments in this new phase of religious emphasis and growth.

On Friday, December 14, 1928, he walked home from Wesley College with another member of the staff, seemingly in his usual good health and spirits. At the dinner table he mentioned casually that he did not feel well. He went to his study but was stricken with such intense pain that it was necessary to call the doctor. Then another medical man was called in, and advised removing him to the hospital, where at five o'clock the next morning an operation was performed. Peacefully on Tuesday morning he passed into his eternal rest, leaving a widow, six sons and one daughter to mourn his departure.

The funeral service was conducted by Rev. Harry Heathfield, his pastor, in Young United Church, on Thursday, December 20. Many tributes, in spoken and unspoken words, in flowers and telegrams, were paid to a life well and faithfully lived.

Prof. Hetherington had many unique qualities. His face and form arrested attention, and made one turn to notice the man as he passed. He was a good preacher of the didactic type, winning always the respect and confidence of his congregation. It was, however, in the classroom that he excelled. He knew his subjects and was passionately devoted to them; but, better still, he knew his students and loved them with a father's devo-

tion. All through life he maintained that keen and active interest in youth which marked his early years. During his college days he was highly honored by his fellow students for his sterling worth and for his ability to enter into the sports of the college. His prowess as a football player will always remain a pleasant memory with the early students of Wesley.

Prof. Hetherington was a keen and sensitive student, and a lover of nature. Few men could interpret the mountains, the rivers and prairies as he could.

But after all this is said, his significant contribution may be summed up in three particulars. It was his good fortune to take a part in the life of Canadian thought when three great movements were evolving in the intellectual and spiritual life of the people.

When he began his teaching career, Religious Education was just beginning to occupy the attention of religious leaders, and many were claiming for this new science a determining power in religious development. Its advocates were saying that all men needed for their salvation was a fuller knowledge and a better mental culture on sounder principles. Prof. Hetherington always maintained that beyond all the mental processes, however valuable, that a new birth was a necessary factor. He reiterated with unswerving fidelity the solemn truth "Ye must be born again." He pleaded for a new life as the basis of religious experience and growth.

In the realm of Psychology, of which he was a close student, while some were seeking to find all the mental phenomena of human life in stimuli and reactions in neurones, nerve centers and complexes,

in afferent and efferent waves, he unceasingly affirmed the fact of a personality, living and essential, behind and in all the marvellous mechanism. Conduct was more than behavior, and life more than physical processes.

When others were attempting to explain the strange power of human aspiration, longing and ambition as the residue of a lower order from which men had evolved, Prof. Hetherington grew impatient with a crassly materialistic evolutionary hypothesis, and kept clearly before the minds of his students and hearers the thought that man is akin to God, and from God come these nobler aspirations of his soul. These are not an inheritance from a lower origin, but the breath of the divine in the soul of man calling him upward to communion and fellowship with God.

So, during the time of transition and change in Religious Education, Psychology and Evolution, he rendered a very distinct service, sympathizing with all new light and fresh truth, but adhering firmly to the great fundamental principles of the Christian faith and life.

A good man, faithful and effective, has done his work here, and has passed on to work in a higher life in closer communion with the God he loved and sought loyally to serve.

Appreciation by a Student

Dr. Hetherington will live in the memories of his students. It will be so not merely in the intellectual advance which they made under his guidance, but also in the value of personality which he revealed to

them. One of his former students tells this in a few paragraphs of appreciation which follow.

"We live calmly among men who might be put into brave books and be the bravest figures in those books," has frequently been my thought as I have listened to Professor Hetherington illustrating in his lectures from his early experiences in the "Trail of Ninety-Eight." He was our teacher in Psychology, Religious Education, Old Testament and Hebrew, in which subjects we considered him not so much a foremost student, but rather as one who knew folks and neighbored with their experiences in the learning processes.

His personality had for us the largest appeal—that ready laugh of his, that wave of the arm in recognition across the halls, that knowing glance of the eye, that pushing of the stray lock of hair across the forehead, that keen sense of the ludicrous, the rollicking glee he had in his friends, that helpfulness without censoriousness, that service without thought of self-sufficiency, that freedom from ranting, that happiness in an overabundance of work, those firm unwavering convictions without dogmatism or self-assertion, that instinct and grace of a man of peace, that spiritual nature which needed not to talk about religion all the time to let men know he had religion—such a man he was, and as such he moved in and out among the students as an inspiration and a blessing, whose heart was young and whose sympathy was a perpetual spring.

A Milestone in Canadian Criticism

It Needs to Be Said . . . by FREDERICK PHILIP GROVE (Macmillans in Canada, 1929.)

In the year 1864, Matthew Arnold, then Professor of Poetry at Oxford, published an epoch-making essay entitled "The Function of Criticism at the Present Time." To the parochial England of his day, Arnold proclaimed the need for absolute standards in literature, for the impregnation of the creative mind of ideas, and for the propagation by the critic of "the best that is known and thought in the world." There followed a necessary familiarity on the critic's part with the literatures not merely of Greece, Rome, and Judea, but also of contemporary Europe. Only thus could there be produced such a current of true and living ideas as would inspire the creative mind to work of enduring worth.

In the year 1929, Mr. Frederick Philip Grove, perhaps the most dynamic creative writer in Canada today, has published a volume of essays, *It Needs to be Said*, with a similar emphasis on the abiding value of the absolute in art. It is a timely book. Matthew Arnold's essay seems unknown in Canada, except perhaps to college Sophomores—in that vague way in which all prescribed texts are reluctantly peered into. Here and there across the country, some academic Jeremiah tries, with a wry face, to preach a gospel of high seriousness in literature, to insist that standards of truth and beauty still have cogency. But so far as things published are concerned, most of our book-reviewers are blind leaders of blind book-writers and book-readers. It would be hard to name more than one or two professed critics in the whole Dominion who

have a competent knowledge of any modern literature other than English, still less of the great literatures of antiquity. Much of the immaturity and ephemerality of Canadian writing is traceable to this lack of stern, enlightened leadership.

Mr. Grove, nourished on six modern and two ancient literatures, and himself a writer with thirty years' apprenticeship, now presents our generation with critical theory in the great tradition. Of the eight essays in the book, one, on "Nationhood," is partly sociological in substance; the rest are all critical: (1) "A Neglected Function of a Certain Literary Association," (2) "Literary Criticism," (3) "Realism in Literature," (4) "The Happy Ending," (5) "The Aim of Art," (6) "The Value of Art," and (7) "The Novel."

The clearest statement of his literary creed is to be found in "Literary Criticism" and so pertinent are his remarks that large-scale quotation seems to be called for.

His basic declaration is that the real critics have always faced in three directions:

"They faced, firstly, that vast accumulated mass of literature which has stood the test of the centuries and which, in what follows, I shall call classic, no matter whether it was written in ancient Greece or in modern Italy, England, France, or Germany. They faced, secondly, the contemporary authors. And they faced, thirdly, the contemporary public.

"Let us, then, see what may be the functions of the critic facing in these various directions.

Classic Literature

"Firstly, as facing classic literature, the critic has a passive and an active duty. Perhaps it would be better to say, as regards the literature of the past, he is both receptive and creative.

"In all great literatures we find common ground. The *Antigone* of Sophocles, written more than 2,000 years ago, is as living today as it was when first produced. Let us hesitate and ponder that fact. It is one of the most remarkable and astounding facts with which we can meet. Even granting—as I am only too willing to grant—that human nature is essentially the same today as it was then—since, in literary art, the appeal to that human nature is made through concrete things, through happenings conditioned by laws and usages that are no longer laws and usages to us—how is it that the accidentals of these concrete happenings—antiquated accidentals that have not even a counterpart in the life as we live it—do not drown out the possible thin, quiet voice of the spirit which speaks through them. The critic answers, Because *Antigone* is a work of art. For Art is essentially that activity of the human mind which converts the concrete fact into a spiritual experience which has eternal life.

"I cannot expatiate. I will, therefore, briefly say that, in his receptive mood, the critic is the man whose own spiritual life has arisen through, has reacted to, and is nourished by, the spiritual experiences of the past as embodied in the great works of literary art accumulated through the centuries. This is, of course, merely another way of saying that the critic stands in what I call the great tradition. If he does

not, he may possibly be an advocate; he cannot be a critic.

Classic Tradition Upheld

"I said that, in facing classic literature, the critic has, besides this passive duty—the duty of nourishing himself by the great tradition—an active one or one which might be called creative. That duty consists in keeping alive what is living; for in literature, that which is not lived, dies as too much of ancient literature has died to us for the want of critics in what we have come to call the dark ages, which were dark for the very reason of that want. By the mere fact that he himself stands in that great tradition which is traceable throughout the centuries he must keep it alive; it must be present in every sentence he speaks or writes; if not explicitly, at least implicitly; as a spiritual presence; as a background out of which his voice sounds forth as from a cavern.

Critic Faces Author

"Secondly, we said, the true critic faces the contemporary author.

"What is the attitude in which he faces him? It is the attitude of reason as distinguished from that of passion. There is, in the fight of the day, passion not only in politics, in the warfare between classes, in the schisms of creeds, but also in the disagreements between schools of art. The critic knows that there is nothing new under the sun. At all times little details of procedure, inessentials, have been made the subject of contention; even the artist is only human and inclined to quarrel with his neighbor about free verse or so-called realism. But over against him stands reason in the person of the critic. In the past,

the great works of art—no matter whether they were produced in ancient Greece, in the Italy, the France, the England of the Renaissance, in 17th-century Holland, or in modern Germany or Scandinavia, or in Russia—have always shown a certain conformity of aim and even of method; their totality offers—in its essentials, though not in its accidentals—the spectacle of an almost timeless, ageless congregation of great minds and spirits in which the various members, from Homer down to Goethe and even Ibsen, have merely happened to take their seats at different stages of the proceedings. The critic, when he speaks to the contemporary author, speaks from their midst, unmoved by the fleeting slogans of the day.

Essential Art

"This is particularly important at the present time when we are under what I venture to call the delusion of science. Because science has made us comfortable without making us happy, and we are apt to forget that, neither in the life of the individual nor in the life of a nation or a race, are economic problems the most important problems of our existence. Wealth in Elizabethan times would be poverty today. But happiness then, is happiness still. Tragedy then, is tragedy still. Yet many moderns think because, in the inessentials of life, we have ideas different from those of the Greeks, Greek art is as antiquated as their methods of furnishing a house or of travelling over the road. That is ignorance, nothing else. Greek art is as living today as it ever was, to him who has learned to strip it and, above all, himself of the inessentials.

"Now, a work produced today

may hold a great appeal through its inessentials; through the accuracy, for instance, with which it reproduces certain aspects of modern life; through a sort of mimicry by which it fits itself into the demands of modern prejudices; or through a partisan boldness with which it defies idiosyncrasies in the hostile camp, in the warfare of schools. The critic faces it with eternal questions. Does this work, or does it not, reveal a new corner of the timeless human soul? Does it or does it not sail into an uncharted sea of spiritual experience? Or, failing that, does it or does it not express something that has been expressed before in a more cogent, more convincing way than it has ever been expressed before? In other words, does it or does it not stand within the great tradition, no matter what the accidental antics of its inessential form may be?

Critic an Ideal Audience

"In all those countries where literary criticism is a reality, its attitude towards the contemporary author who produces or tries to produce works of literary art gives him what he needs more than anything else except the God-given talent and the God-imposed task—the urge which will not be denied; and that thing which in addition to these he needs is an ideal audience to which he can address himself, secure in the feeling that, if he have the eye to see and the voice to speak, he will be heard. For no matter what, no matter who may say, he says it to somebody; thus the writer when he writes writes for somebody. The critic is necessary, is indispensable to the author because, without him, barring fortunate accidents, he does not know to whose capacity to adjust his ut-

terance. If the literary criticism of a given nation is worthy of its name, its authors will never be at a loss; in speaking to it, they will speak to that invisible, yet real audience of the ages to which alone they should not think it below their dignity to speak when they take pen in hand, and presume to set that vast machinery going which is needed to produce a printed book.

"This I consider the second in importance among the functions of the critic; of the first I shall speak anon. For, unless the author has this audience, how can he be blamed for going astray in the clamor of the day? It is a strange but indisputable fact that a work of art presupposes at least two, the one who speaks and the one who listens—the one who creates and the one who recreates. Art is essentially the play of one soul on another. Just as surely as vibrations created on a desert island by the fall of a tree cannot become sound without being heard by an ear, the work of an artist cannot become art without the reaction of an answering soul. So, unless there is an ideal audience like the one I have tried to sketch, the temptation of the writer to speak to that concrete, ever-present audience which wants only to be cheated by having something given to it to "beguile its time" and which is sufficiently and nauseatingly represented by the newsmongery of the press—that temptation, I say, is so enormously great as to be almost irresistible. No genius was ever born as such. He was born as a talent. A genius he became by taking pains, by striving after perfection. But it is hard to go on working "with incessant care" when there is none to perceive that

care and to appreciate it. It is hard to go on striving after perfection, never to be attained, if the work of art is drowned in the ocean of mediocre productions designed for no purpose but to satisfy the demand of the public to be entertained—which means distracted from itself.

"Yet art aims at the very opposite: not to distract the hearer from himself but to lead him into the very recesses of his soul and to force him to face the world, not with the periphery of the inessential acquisitions of his day, but with the innermost essence of his soul which is the same as that of Abraham. Most people go through life in the blissful ignorance of the very fact that they have a soul; how, then, should a young writer even dream of appealing to it, of evoking it, were it not for the fact that at all times there is that ideal audience, represented by literary criticism, to remind him of the fact that, at what he does, the ages look on. Literary criticism—or the body of literary critics—should be to the writer what the Roman Senate was to the general in the field: an unseen presence sitting sternly in judgment over his blunders, but also voting him a triumph if he did his duty well. Shall I indulge in the sarcasm of the question, Is that what literary criticism is in Canada today?

Critic and the Public

"I must hurry on to the third point. The critic, facing classic literature and facing the contemporary author, also faces the concrete public. What, in this direction, is his function?

"Edmund Gosse says somewhere something to this effect, 'It is extraordinary but very fortunate that

(Continued on page 56)

Are We Conscious?

By EUNICE BENNETT

The U.S. press (in the exaggerated "booster" style which is so typical of it) acclaims Dr. John B. Watson's work, "Behaviorism," in the most flattering terms. One leading paper says: "Perhaps this is the most important book ever written"; another asserts, "It marks an epoch in the intellectual history of man." Most people who have done much reading know how to rate this stuff. Yet when there is a system which claims "to revolutionize ethics, religion, psychoanalysis—in fact, all the mental and moral sciences," we should like our readers to hear some of the arguments fairly set forth.

No Soul and Not Conscious

In 1869 Wundt of Germany dismissed the soul from the study of psychology. He could not find it in his test tube. However, he supplied in its place consciousness, and this was taken for granted until 1912. Then John B. Watson, of the United States, after attempting to find consciousness in his test tube and failing, threw it overboard and decided all human behavior could be explained by determining the stimulus and response. Indeed, many other attributes of the mind and much good terminology were considered superfluous and had to be pitched out. The "medicine men," the introspectionists, were buried and with them all such mental processes as attention and perception; next went the irreducible sensations and their ghosts, the images; after this clearance they felt able to handle what remained. So "proving absurd all written hitherto, and putting us to ignorance again," they began once more the patient search for truth.

Behavior the Problem

The problem confronting the psychologist is the explanation and prediction of behavior. When this has been achieved it should result in the control of human conduct. In behavioristic terms one must be able to deduct the response when the stimulus is known, and the most complex act loses its mystery when submitted to these investigations, and so their hypothesis is plainly a mechanistic one. The "purposive" psychologists relying on consciousness ask just how can mechanism really explain a single act, and the Behaviorist comes back pat, "Consciousness is not a cause of motor activity."

Now we must consider some of their positive assertions.

Heredity Belittled

It is to be feared that Watson has struck a death blow to our buried ancestors, and that the potency of the social register is no more, for he believes that the genus homo has been equipped with the same hereditary structure throughout the ages and in all classes of society. Adult performance is not inherited but is accounted for by a certain type of structure plus early training. Indeed, he would guarantee to take a normal child and train it to be anything desired, so sure is he of the adaptability of the human structure.

A certain amount of unlearned behavior is allowed us, and is divided into emotion and instinct. When instinct is broken down it is replaced by habit. Consolidations of habit and instinct result in the dozens of so-called instincts of the older school and popular speech. Just here we might mention mem-

ory. It is said to be the performance of a habit after a time has elapsed since the last performance.

Very Few Instincts

Watson made a study of one thousand babies, after which he decided there were but three instincts, and these form the nucleus of all emotional reactions. They are fear, rage and love, and their stimuli are, loss of support or a loud noise; hampering of the body; fondling. Very soon, though, these responses are called forth by other stimuli presented simultaneously with the original ones. They are then said to be "conditioned." Later these second responses become further conditioned or transferred until the emotional world is varied enough to suit a Rex Beach or an Ella Wheeler Wilcox. The infant is not afraid in a zoo. The adult may run at sight of a mouse.

According to this theory, man has no basic instinct, no untutored life, nor are there elemental facts. And alas! no ambitious maid can sigh for a chance at self-realization and expression. All she can do is permit her physiological processes through stimulus and response (conditioned and unconditioned) to adapt her bodily movements to the situation in hand.

Thinking Explained

Watson is insistent that the organism responds as a whole. This is true even in such a hidden process as thinking. One thinks and plans with one's whole body. When a particular group of muscles works, we say a man is doing something. as, for instance, the imperceptible working of the larynx and tongue results in thought; the overt working results in speech. "Thought is highly integrated

bodily activity and nothing more." "When we study implicit bodily processes we are studying thought." "There is really no difference between a game of tennis and thinking." When the kinaesthetic and verbal processes become blocked we have an emotional response where the individual is not able to act. In contrast, we have instinctive responses where the person invariably does something.

The "organism as a whole" includes, beside muscles which move the bones, many unstriped muscles and glands. These parts of the body apparently cause many acts and states of emotion that we have not been able to explain. They are as yet un verbalized, and scientists have not learned how to talk about them. Watson suggests they are the unconscious complexes and suppressed wishes of Freud, and advises us not to attribute too much to these unknown causes.

The Behaviorist Method

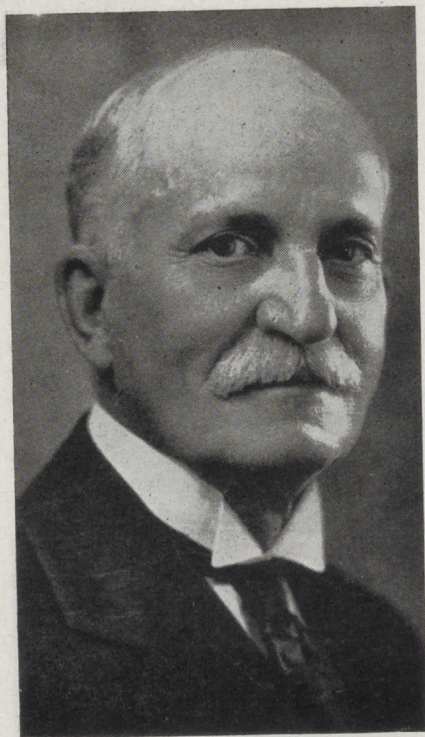
What the Behaviorist works upon, then, is simply—stimulus, response (conditioned and unconditioned), gland, unstriped muscles and a minimum of instinct and emotion. He dismisses analysis and introspection. He demands that psychological conclusions must stand on a scientific basis, and are useless if they cannot be arrived at in another laboratory and by any psychologist. He is convinced that all human actions are developments of the simple reflexes which a babe displays. He uses the data of psychology at every turn, but he is concerned most of all with the organism as a whole.

It is in the United States alone that the wave of behaviorism has swept all before it, and men

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The Late Honorable T. A. Burrows

His Honor, T. A. Burrows, late Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, was for many years closely associated with Wesley College. In 1911 he became a member of the Board of Directors, and acted as Vice-Chairman in 1924, and as Chairman in 1927. On the formation



he discharged with marked dignity and success. His passing was quite unexpected, and was the sad occasion of the first death while in office of a crown representative for Manitoba.

At the State funeral President Riddell, as befitting one who was a life-long friend and associate in church and educational enterprises, pronounced the funeral oration. Reviewing the career of Hon. Mr. Burrows, Dr. Riddell emphasized his conspicuous and lasting contributions in the four fundamental institutions of the life of society. "They are," said Dr. Riddell, "the *State*, the *Church*, the *School*, and the *Home*" Behind this fourfold contribution was a character of liberal sympathies, possessed of integrity and a keen sense of responsibility.

While not forgetting his services in Parliament and as the crown representative, we remember gratefully Hon. Mr. Burrows' efforts on behalf of Wesley and the United Colleges, and join with our President in extending to his relatives our sincere expression of regret and sympathy.

of the United Colleges in 1925, he became Chairman of the Joint Executive Board. It will be seen, then, that by his death the United Colleges have suffered the loss of a practical and sympathetic friend.

It was in 1927 that we had occasion to record Hon. Mr. Burrows' appointment to the high office of Lieutenant-Governor of the province of Manitoba, which

All members of the Student Body and Faculty of the United Colleges extend to Miss Gwendolyn Taylor, Norris Beamish and Ellice Scott sincere sympathy in the bereavements which they have recently sustained.

Passing of Former Board Members

Numerous tributes have been paid by various personages and institutions to the work and achievements of the late Sir James A. M. Aikins, former lieutenant-governor of Manitoba, and prominent member of the legal profession.



Sir James Aikins was the chairman of the Board of Wesley College from the charter year 1888 until 1908, a total of twenty years.

To have presided over the meetings of the governing body during almost a generation is to have rendered notable service to the cause of higher education, and to Wesley College in particular. We remember with gratitude, then, the contribution made to our College by this gentleman, in whose long life great personal gifts exercised in public affairs brought numerous honors,—highest of all, perhaps, the simple dignity of service.

Mr. Manlius Bull, Winnipeg business man, whose decease occurred about the same time, was also associated with Wesley College during many years. He was a member of the College Board from 1899 to 1916. Less in the public eye, but not less highly regarded by his associates for personal worth and business integrity, Mr. Bull thus shared with Sir James and the other members of the Board the responsibilities of directing the general policy of the College over many years.

In Memoriam

HORACE A. McDougall

Son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McDougall
of Prairie Grove, Manitoba

Grade XII Student, Wesley College

Died January 14, 1929, aged 19

Mrs. J. H. Ashdown

Winnipeg lost an honored citizen, the United Church a devoted member and the needy a thoughtful friend when Mrs. J. H. Ashdown recently passed away.

Leaving Bruce Mines, Ontario, about sixty years ago, when but a child of seven, she came with her parents to Manitoba and settled in Winnipeg.



From childhood until the time of her death she was a consistent and faithful member first of the former Methodist Church and, later, of the United Church of Canada. She and her husband were intimately associated with the old Broadway congregation, and practical supporters of Wesley College.

In 1877 she was married to

James H. Ashdown, at that time a young merchant just entering upon a career to be marked by signal success. Her thoughtful care, coupled with wise practical common sense, did not a little to ensure and preserve the growing success of her husband.

Her busy life has paralleled that of the City of Winnipeg. She saw it grow from a tiny, struggling village collected around the Hudson's Bay fort to its present place of strength and importance.

Although she did not, like her husband, enter public life, Mrs. Ashdown did her part in the up-building of the life and growth of Winnipeg. Devotion to the home, simplicity in social relation, and wise charity marked her contribution.

Mrs. Ashdown possessed a fine and delicate taste in music, especially the music of the church service. Among the last acts of her busy life was to instal a chime of bells in the former Broadway Church in memory of her honored husband. These chimes are not only a tribute to her husband, but now become a touching memorial of her own sweet and helpful life.

Mrs. Ashdown was always thoughtful of the poor and needy, but in a quiet and unobtrusive way. She was not a noted philanthropist, but here and there with wise discrimination she ministered to human need. She shared her husband's interest in Wesley College and often gave her time, thought and assistance in making that institution fitted to fill its important mission.

We thus mark the passing of a friend of long standing; pay tribute to her worth and quiet goodness, and extend our sincere sympathy to her bereaved family.

Stunt Night

A Study in Competency and Taste

For audience and actors Stunt Night is usually a merry adventure among vagrant possibilities. Stunt Night might indeed be described as a method for releasing unexpectedly, and exploiting passionately, accumulated and potential resources. What a year-group has been, that it is very suddenly apt to be,—and to be that, deplorably or delightfully, very publicly. The revelations are often interesting. Because Stunt Night makes sudden demands which must be speedily met, it is like an unanticipated classroom test; it ushers in an intense period of desperate exploration in the world of the unknown the results of which are fascinating if not valuable. And sometimes they are valuable, as every instructor and judge of Stunt Night programs knows.

The assay of the Stunt Night performance of the Session of 1928-29 has already been made by an audience and by a committee of judges. Findings have been reported in corridors and homes. If the verdicts do not agree, the fact is but a comment upon the variety in standards and taste that exists among us. Personally, we,—well, we think it a little difficult to judge the offerings of Stunt Night. Shall pleasing conventionality or blundering creativeness score high?; acting, individual or collective, or statuesque tableaux? costuming and color and melodrama, or attempts at pure drama? satire or solemnity? music and dance, or intellectual "body"? and so on. The alternatives as stated are neither final nor exhaustive.

One thing there must be in the

good stunt: the evidence of background. A good stunt is somebody's or some group's competency and taste made available in vital demonstration. It seems to us that, speaking broadly, the criterion for "stunts" may be stated as *competency and taste*; the measure of the demonstration of that is the measure of the stunt's success. Associated with the criterion as stated is the tricky one which involves the question: Is the particular stunt excellent of its kind? Is its kind a challenging and high kind?

One word for conclusion. On the above suggested basis it might not be necessary to give the laurel annually to the current Fourth Year! Fifth Year Honors or Second Year might conceivably merit it! As for the Third Year or Matriculation, if one may judge from this year's performance, the former will be a dangerous contestant for premier honors next year and the latter,—must study to make themselves accredited. That is perhaps just exactly as it should be in the institution whose justified existence depends very fundamentally on its power to develop "competency and taste."—A.L.P.

Here's to my friend the Hindoo,
He does the best he kindoo.
He sticks to his caste from first to last,
And for pants he makes the skindoo.

"Why did you give up the pipe organ lessons?"

"I felt so bally foolish playing with my feet."

Greek Classic Drama: Its Origin and Development

By GEORGE D. VLASSIS

Literature is the rich treasure of the past. It is the eternal reservoir of the dead. Through literature men know their contemporaries by knowing those who have passed, and learn about themselves by learning about the others. Rightly, then, the great linguist Marx Muller said that the purpose of literature, in its highest significance, is one only: to teach what man is, by teaching what man was.

Among all the literature of the world the Greek literature is supreme, and its knowledge has occupied and still occupies the most prominent intellects of the human race. It was the Greek literature which dispersed the darkness of the Middle Ages, and for that not unjustly perhaps the great Greek scholar Buchios, a German professor, speaking from his chair, declared that the ancient Greeks are the ancestors not only of the present-day Greeks, but the ancestors also of all civilized people.

I do not mention the Latin literature because the Latin literature was an imitation of the Greek, and the Romans were the "pontifices" through whom the Greek civilization was transmitted.

This is the explanation of the fact that the immortal monuments of the ancient Greeks are taught and studied, that the masterpieces of the Greek genius are not the cold reservoir of antiquated words, but the eternal teachers of the Beautiful, the True and the Good. And the Drama bears witness to that.

Birth of Greek Drama

The ancient Greek Poetry is

divided into three great species: the Epic, the Lyric and the Drama. Of these the first, the Epic poetry, represents the exterior world, the Lyric poetry the inner world.

The Epic poet on the one hand narrates the words and actions of acting persons, neither expressing his own sentiments nor moralizing upon the human lot. The Lyric poet on the other hand presupposes that he knows the outside world, makes known with pathos the reaction of the inner world towards the external. The Epic belongs to the past, the Lyric especially to the present and the future.

From the union, the fusion of the Epic and the Lyric poetry, the Drama was born. In the Drama the dialogue belongs to the Epic, and the chorus to the Lyric poetry. But this union of the two poetical species came about without design, and in a natural way.

The origin of the Greek Drama is very obscure. It seems, however, to have originated in the songs sung in honor of the wine god, Dionysus or Bacchus. This song was the Dithyramb which was a kind of poetry cultivated among the Dorian Lyric poets and later by the Attic poets. Its principal theme was the birth of Bacchus. It was a song addressed to Dionysus, and was inspired by wine.

This Dithyramb was sung during the festival of Dionysus, the Lenaea or the Feast of the Winepress, in January. This festival was kept in the country in the villages of Attice. The Dithyramb was also sung at the city Dionysis.

Festival of Dionysus

Imagine, then, the people of an Attic village gathered together to keep the Vintage Feast of Bionysus. There is an altar of wood. Rustic singers gather around it to sing a hymn in honor of the god, relating some of his well known adventures. Story tells that Dionysus was accompanied in his wanderings by certain beings, the satyrs, with long-pointed ears, snub noses and goats' tails. It would be natural for the rustic worshippers to feign that they themselves were such satyrs. And then, in their yearning to imagine his deeds more vividly, another step would be taken. The leader of the chorus would enact the character of Dionysus himself, or of a messenger from him. He would relate some exploit of the god, or some danger which the god had gone through. The chorus would then express in song the feelings which the recital awakened. Here then we should have the first germ of the Drama.

The first name to be connected with the Greek Drama is Arion, who lived at the court of Perianther, the tyrant of Corinth. Arion, about 600 B.C., trained a chorus of 50 men to sing around an altar. The members of the chorus were called Tragoi, or goats. Hence the song they sang was *Tragodia* or goat song, from which comes the English word tragedy.

The next name is Thespis of Icaria, 580 B.C. He did much to improve the Dithyrambic songs. He introduced an actor who carried on a dialogue with the leader of the chorus, between the Lyric portions of the Dithyramb. The name given to this actor was *Ypocritis* or answerer.

After Thespis the next step in

advance in the development of the Greek Drama was made by Phrynichus. The most striking innovation of Phrynichus was the introduction of a female character. There was still only one actor, but this actor might now be costumed as a woman.

The Great Tragedians

The next name in the history of the Drama is that of Aeschylus, the first of the three great tragic poets of Greece. Aeschylus was born at Eleusis in Attica, in 525, and died in Sicily, 456 B.C.

Aeschylus employed a second actor, thus making possible to carry on a dialogue without the help of the chorus. Later Sophocles introduced a third actor, and Aeschylus employed three actors in his later dramas. But the number of actors never exceeded the three in Greek Tragedy.

Furthermore, Aeschylus did much more to improve the appearance of a play on the stage by introducing the tragic mask, the high-soled boots and the flowing costumes.

The next name connected with the Greek Drama is that of Sophocles, 496-405. He made distinct improvements in adding the third actor and increasing the number of the chorus from twelve to fifteen. Under him also the choral odes were shorter. Painted scenery is also attributed to Sophocles, but it is doubtful whether he introduced it or merely improved upon that used by Aeschylus.

The last of the three great poets is Euripides, 480-406 B.C. Euripides found the Drama already fully developed and therefore made no change in its outward form. But in the treatment of his charac-

ters, and in the nature of his plots, he differed much from his two great predecessors.

Among his contemporaries the tragedies of Euripides were not generally popular. This is attested by the small number of victories he won. Very likely this unpopularity is to be accounted for by the fact that the peoples of that time were not ready for the realism of his plays. They preferred the lofty poetical language and the ideal characters of Sophocles to the every-day language and more real characters of Euripides. Aristotle tells a story to the effect that Sophocles once said that he made men as they ought to be, and Euripides as they were. This describes well the difference between the two poets.

After the death of Euripides Greek Tragedy declined. At Athens, during the 5th century, there had been other tragic poets besides the three great masters, and sometimes one of these less known poets won a victory over his most famous rivals, but none of them were writers of the first rank, and their works have perished. The same is true of the tragic poets of the 4th century. In the third century there was a revival of Tragedy and for a time it flourished at Alexandria, but after this its decline was rapid and cannot be easily traced.

This, then, is how Tragedy developed from a rude Dithyrambic song to the masterpieces of the great dramatists. And now let us visit the place in which these fully developed tragedies were performed and how they were performed.

The Tragedies were performed during the festival of Dionysus, the Lensea or Vine Festival at the city Dionysia and at the theatre of Dionysus, in Athens.

The Theatre

The theater of Dionysus at Athens during the 6th century consisted of a round dancing place, the *Orchestra* and the *Thymele* or *Altar*, in the center of *Orchestra*, for sacrifices to the god. There was no stage. During the 5th century a green room was provided for changes of dress, the tent of *Skene* (modern English tent) which was used as the background of the play. All these, like the seats of the spectators, were apparently of wood and were constructed for temporary use only, until in the 4th century Lucourgus built a scene of stone and erected stone seats for the spectators.

There is a dispute whether there was a raised stage before the proscenium for the actors or were they on the same level as the chorus in the *Orchestra*. From my own local observations, I am rather inclined to believe that there was a raised stage.

Competition and Judges

The poet who wished to bring out a play sent in his application to the Archon. The plays offered for exhibition were carefully examined by the Archon, who proceeded to select from among the various applicants the three best poets, and afterwards to assign the choruses.

The number of Judges for a Comedy were five, for a Tragedy probably the same. The selection of Judges was an elaborate affair, consisting of a combination of two principles, that of the election by a vote, and that of the appointment by lot.

A large preliminary list of Judges was first elected by vote. At the beginning of the contest a second list of the Judges was chosen

by lot from the first one. At the end of the contest a third list of five Judges was selected by lot from the second list and these five Judges decided the result of the competition. The object of this elaborate scheme of the election of Judges was to avoid a prejudiced decision on the part of the Judges, although many a time the audience had the deciding vote.

During the Dionysia Greeks from all parts of the then known world flocked into the city of Athens, and thus the audience was cosmopolitan in appearance.

Actors, Chorus and Costumes

The chorus, usually of fifteen, was chosen by the *Choregus*, any prominent and wealthy citizen who would undertake to meet the cost of the wages, training and costumes of the chorus. They performed in the orchestra. The actors, hired by the State, performed on the stage.

The number of actors never exceeded three, but each actor, owing to the fact that he wore a mask, could take more than one part. There was no limitation to the number of mute and subordinate characters which might be introduced at any time upon the stage. The only restriction was that no more than three of the more prominent characters could take part in the dialogue in the course of the same scene.

The dress of the actors, always entirely distinct from that of the chorus, was similar to that of ordinary life, but more dignified and flowing. The garments were dyed in every variety of brilliant color.

The bulk of the actor was increased by padding his chest and limbs, and placing high wooden soles under his feet. Masks were

employed in which every feature was exaggerated, to give superhuman dignity and terror to the expression.

In the earliest period of the Greek drama the chorus, chosen from the general body of citizens, was the sole performer. Gradually it began to dwindle in importance until at length either disappeared altogether, or sank to the position of the band in a modern theatre.

Originally the principal part of the training was done by the poet himself. He was assisted by a subordinate who looked after the routine work and was called *Hypodaskalos*. But towards the end of the 5th and the beginning of the 4th century, a class of men came into existence who made choral instruction their regular business. These professional teachers were paid by the *Choregus*.

When the contest was ended and the decision of the Judges pronounced, the names of the victorious poet and of his *Choregus* were publicly proclaimed by the herald, and they were crowned with garlands of ivy in the presence of the spectators.

As to the rewards for the poets, the tradition was that in the earliest times the prize for Tragedy was a goat, and the prize for Comedy a basket of figs and a jar of wine.

Later, when the dramatic contests were organized, each of the competing poets received payment of money from the State.

The value of these prizes is unknown. It is apparent, however, that the rewards were sufficiently large to cover the expenses of the old dramatists, who had not only to write the plays, but also to superintend their production.

(Continued on page 59)

Young Manitoba

Lurking somewhere in these halls there may be a future premier of Manitoba, not to mention a host of prospective cabinet ministers. For their sakes as well as our own, for we are all Young Manitobans, we should like to point out a few facts which suggest that we have a job on our hands.

In the first place, it is distressing to find that a man, or men, in high public office in Manitoba may have their integrity assailed on evidence which is confessedly too slight to admit of such charges in private life. Thus we have, in Manitoba, the paradox that the more necessary and vital one's reputation may be to a successful career, the more lightly may it be impugned. If Manitoba is to have in its public life men of culture and ideals, who value their good name, then this must be changed. There must be no lower standard when one is "speaking politically." And, let Young Manitoba say, the best and indeed only final assurance of honest government in Manitoba, or anywhere, is the value placed upon personal honor and integrity by the men who are in the business of government.

There are other things which concern us Young Manitobans. We want to know if ever we can escape from the sinister influences which may arise from the custom of all parties (with the possible exception of Labor) accepting secret gifts from interested corporations. In the case which is at present so notorious, we do not know what the influence of these contributions may have been. But we want no such ready way of corruption to remain open. We do

not believe that it adds to the dignity and soundness of public life in Manitoba. It is an incubus which works in the dark, and may brood foully.

Because we value our democratic institutions and the liberties which our fathers won for us, we young Manitobans are going to ask if any man will dare to tell us that the ancient dignities and salutary rights of our elected representative body are to be measured by a few dollars, or tens of dollars, gained per horse or any other power, on a commercial contract. Young Manitobans believe that what has been so dearly bought should not be lightly bartered. If bureaucracy, even if it is financially thrifty, is going to refuse to minorities the right of obtaining information and the opportunity to discuss important public measures, then young Manitoba is going to check bureaucratic tendencies.

Young Manitobans are idealistic (we confess it), and we desire to be practical. Hence, believing it is bad both ideally and practically, we deplore the mistaken notions or doubtful ethics which could lead cabinet ministers, who are concerned with the disposition of public measures, to involve themselves in personal interests which might prejudice their action. Scripture to the contrary, we cannot prevent our left hand from knowing what our right is doing. Let it be said, however, that we are hopeful that henceforth this difficult maxim will not be attempted by our public men.

Among us young Manitobans there are those who believe that it is of more advantage to conserve

the good of the past than to risk the new and untried project. But we are all one in deploring an unutterably low standard of political mentality which could permit a member of the elected body to see what he believed to be flagrant corruption and fail to make it known to the House. Young Manitobans do not want in public life a man, or a group of men (whatever their political name may be), who could see a money cheque in the hands of a member, be convinced that it was a bribe, and not rise to defend the dignity and honor of the House. That they should use this knowledge equivocally four years later is no palliation of such conduct. We had not believed that such a silence was possible to men who are in the British tradition, and have gained a measure of public confidence. Be that as it may, young Manitobans will be jealous of the honor and integrity of our representative body. Were we honestly convinced that such gross bribery was taking place, we would at all costs vindicate the ancient dignity and honesty of the House. To behave otherwise would be suicidal, for government by the people cannot live under such conditions. Also, we young Manitobans deplore the mentality which could cause an elected representative to speak of bribery being used to "sweeten" the members of the House. O tempora, O mores! to regard bribery as a "sweetening" process!

Besides the *conservatores* among us, there are radicals—idealists, not unpractical, whose faces are set towards the future. They believe that their program of social good will be achieved by a steady advance, and by a realism in the facing of issues. Some of these rad-

icals will be thoroughly against capitalism, just as keenly as some of us are against socialism. But all we young Manitobans are agreed that if we are avowedly opposed to some economic or social institution, we will retain our integrity as thinkers and advocates, and not try to make private gain out of a system which we publicly oppose.

It is fairly clear to us that public life in Manitoba is at present not very healthy. It is suffering from the threefold evil of great opportunism, low mentality, and doctrinaire myopia. There is some health still, we believe, in the body politic. It is not, however, *mens sana in corpore sano*. Here, then, is one of our jobs as young Manitobans. Unless the job is done, we must not complain if it becomes increasingly difficult for our best men to turn to politics as an honorable—and honest—career.

But in any case, be they high or low, we shall have the men we deserve.

DRAMATIC ACTIVITIES

United Colleges Dramatic Society is to be congratulated upon its splendid offerings on March 18 and 19 last, when appreciative houses enjoyed:

"Brothers in Arms," by Merrill Denison; producer, Mrs. Pyper. Caste: Nora Maunders, W. Conly, S. McLeod, D. Phillips.

"The Shadow of Peter," by Harry Green; producer, Mr. Eggertson. Caste: Eleanor McCurdy, W. Harland, J. McKidd.

"How He Lied to Her Husband," by G. B. Shaw; producer, Mr. Jarman. Caste: Phyllis Cates, J. Howlett, G. Punter.

A Lyric Poet of the West

By T. DEYONG and B.T.R.

It was with all the thrill of discovering a new poet that we read the selections from the work of Mrs. Christina Willey in the December issue of the *Canadian Bookman*. She has been called "The Lyric Voice of the West," and her poems bear abundant witness to a rich lyric quality. As far as we can ascertain, Mrs. Willey is a native of England, though now living at Bredenbury, Saskatchewan. Much of her verse testifies to her Western outlook, but her gift is not shackled to themes of merely local interest. "The Wanderer" strikes a universal note, that of the haunting spirit of age mingled with the compensations of memory. Its theme is the memory of beautiful Helen of Troy and closes with these verses:

*I think I journeyed to the outer
seas,
I think I saw the thundering
waters fall
Across the very edges of the world.
I knew the Great Ones. I forget
them all.
I have lived much but worn and
aged am I.
Oh, Stranger! if but once my living
eyes
Could see the tall towers rise
Across that plain,
I should be young again.
I dream. Tall Troy is down;
But wind-blown ashes is the
mighty town,
And I have lost fair Helen many
years.
Who am I? I forget. I only knew
That Time has robbed me even of
my tears,
That all my songs are sung.*

*Perhaps I was that Paris, as men
say,
Wearied I am, and old and lost,
and grey,
But once I loved Gold Helen,
and was young.*

She is successful, also, we think, with her delicate fairy-poems, reminiscent of childhood. However, the greater number of Mrs. Willey's poems are Western lyrics. She records the conflict in the newcomer's heart of the demands of the Old Land and the awakening love for the New. She has an artist's skill with words and records in marvellous fashion the true beauty of the Prairies.

*I wonder, can the prairie-born
forget
The far-off bluff-gap with the
marking blaze,
The evening wood-smoke when the
grass is wet,
The river valley blue with
bush-fire haze,
The badger earth, the fox den on
the hill,
The rare, sad, ghostly evening
whip-poor-will?
The gopher, praying hands on vel-
vet breast,
Alert, inquisitive, a prairie
clown,
The great cranes, flying black
against the west,
Beauty's own shadow, as the sun
goes down,
Green poplar-mist, the miracles of
May,
The vibrant sun-drenched Western
summer day?*

There is an underlying poignancy in the following which is

probably echoed in many a heart
on the Western plains:

*Oh, who am I to dream of swing-
ing ships,*

*Of brown-sailed fishers beating
in with dawn?*

*But I have tasted spray upon my
lips,*

*Have loved rough weather, I am
island-born.*

*Ah, that grim headland and that
gracious bay*

*Are half a world and half a life
away.*

She describes how her allegiance
is torn between her adopted and
and her native land in "Hearth
Fires":

*The river gods of all the world nod
wise wet heads and say—*

*Who drinketh of my waters I will
call him back some day—*

*And that perhaps is how indeed
the happy strife began,*

*The Thames beneath the Cliveden
Woods—the great Saskatche-
wan.*

And who has not seen a Canadian
summer like this?:

*Slow lazy days of breathless heat,
Piled thunder-heads and slanting
rain,*

*Cloud-shadows sailing o'er the
wheat,*

*Suns that but set to rise again,
The sudden fire-fly's fairy light,*

*Shrill castanets of of frogs at night,
Oh, life,*

'Tis summer in Saskatchewan!

The men of Hudson's Bay Com-
pany provide the theme for a stir-
ring song, which sounds out the
sturdy tread of a pioneer band:

*We took the man from London
Town,*

*We lured the lad from Liver-
pool,*

*From distant Isle and heather
brown*

*The Celt came West, and made
our rule.*

*We never knew the townsmen's
fears,*

Ho, Ho, we were the pioneers!

*We went by rivers, wild, un-
known,*

*We made the trails for men to
tread,*

By lakes seen by the loon alone

*We built our fire and made our
bed.*

*There, where the Dancing Light
appears,*

Ho, Ho, we were the pioneers!

In printing a number of Mrs.
Willey's poems in the Annual
Poetry Number of December, the
Canadian Bookman announced
that her collected poems will be
published in book form, which
will make them available to all.

Are the problems of peace too
great for us? Where are we to find
the spiritual élan and vitality so
that by a concerted effort some
means can be taken to solve our
pressing political and economic
problems.

Will the church give us a lead?
It may head a subscription list, and
urge personal giving, but how

about the finding and curing of the
sources of social evil? The energy,
devotedness and economic sacrifice
involved in one battle of the Great
War would go far to make over
the world.

"Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war:"
but, we suspect, they are a great
deal more difficult of achievement!

Our Senior Stick-Elect

When the student body of United Colleges elected Mark A. Talnicoff as their Senior Stick for 1920-30, they added another laurel to a splendid collection which Mark carries so unassumingly.



MARK A. TALNICOFF

Mark is a late Victorian, and first became vocal in the great wheat belt, not of Canada, but of Russia. When still a wee toddler this young hopeful emigrated with his parents to the U.S., where they helped to swell the sociologists' figures of the foreign-born population in Philadelphia.

Happily, however, they found their way to Winnipeg in 1913. Mark seems to have retained a *wanderlust*, and in 1917 went over to England with the Cameron High-

landers, no doubt as Private Mac-talnicoff! He returned to Winnipeg, worked in an office, and in 1924 went to Brandon College, where he matriculated, with a Governor-General's award. There he was active in debating and Boy Scout work, and indeed continues these interests. As is well known, Mark is President of Debating in United this year, and has recently taken charge of a Boy Scout patrol of one.

Mark has shown himself worthy of our trust by his efficient work in debating, *Vox*, and as Secretary of the Student Council. We look forward confidently to a year in which his energy, idealism and quiet competence will distinguish his leadership and make its influence felt in all student activities.

Grace Gordon

Grace Gordon, Lady Stick-Elect, was born at Souris, Manitoba, sometime in the year 1909. When asked why she chose Souris as a birth-place, she replied that it was because she wanted to be near her mother. She is the daughter of Principal and Mrs. J. W. Gordon of the Manitou Normal School. As for her early training, we learn by devious methods that she matriculated with high honors from Manitou High School, and in grade XII won a scholarship for general proficiency. Grace entered Wesley as a "knowing Sophomore" to join the '30's. Her class soon recognized her excellent executive ability, for she was elected vice-president in her third year. She was also a member of the Dramatic Executive, vice-president of S.C.M. and vice-president of Co-eds. With



MISS GRACE GORDON

this store of experience, her gracious manners and her interest in all college activities we feel sure that next year will be a bright one for the Wesley Co-eds under the guidance of Grace.

New Book by Manitoba Professor

Professor Chester Martin's new book, "Empire and Commonwealth: Studies in Governance and Self-Government in Canada," which was recently published by the Clarendon Press, will prove of great interest to all students of Canadian history and Imperial relations. It should at once take its place with the best and most authoritative books on the subject, being a thorough and scholarly piece of work embodying the results of Professor Martin's researches for many years past.

The more extended notice which it warrants will be forthcoming in a future number of Vox.

Man may now see himself as others seem him, and hear himself as others hear him. But he is still spared the pain of thinking of himself as others think of him.

Desolation

*Standing on the headlong edge of Life,
My soul swathed round in Stygian cloak,
I call in frenzy down the corridors of Earth
For any trace of Beauty, Love or Light.
I strive to glimpse a single saving ray
And vainly clutch a bulkless mass of lifeless chaff.*

*Inwardly the mocking echoes ring.
No answer whispers from the barren world;
And all around a charnel solitude
Matches a dread abyss within,
While the blind planet hurtles onward in the gloom.*

—B.T.R.

Monosyllabics

("U" life as seen in *Coll. Hum.*—Ed. Note.)

They say the Chink who rules the East
 Makes use of words that sound the least;
 But in our tongue we still can find
 No lack of words of that brief kind.
 Yea, for long words whose joints are six,
 Short can be found in each bad fix.
 Men have the con, the diph, the flu;
 The docs will make them good as new.
 We phone our ads to feed the Press,
 And next day find them in a mess;
 On that same page we pipe the news
 From Yanks and Japs, from states and stews;
 In lines of red or blocks of black
 We learn of all who jump the track;
 So, too, of czars and popes and kings
 We read the worst that each day brings,
 As how in Rome the Chief Wop makes
 The rest eat dirt or pull up stakes.

Small words will serve as well to show
 How we in class (and out) may go;
 At nine with sines and tans we play
 Or plot our graphs from day to day:
 At ten the profs may make us fume
 With Kant and Locke and Mill and Hume.
 Next hour, with hearts on fire, we grind
 At Bill the Bard, or John the Blind,
 Or Sam the dope fiend, One Lung Keats,
 Or lame Lord George with his bad feats.
 At twelve we damn the verbs of Gaul
 In words we should not use at all.
 At two we wipe the dust of time
 From kings and states and wars and crime.
 At three we read the tale of Troy
 In lines that lack the least of joy,
 Or curse at forms a noun might take
 When bards of Greece their pens might shake.
 While all day long our minds are set
 On skirts and hops and dates to get,
 For all our age is gone on girls
 With legs and teeth and smiles and curls.
 We buy them sweets and buds and drinks
 In hope to gain their smirks and winks;
 We fork out scads to feed their ears
 With jazz that jades us down the years;
 We throng the Met with hicks and coots
 To lamp the queens in one-piece suits;

In dance halls crowd the hot young men
 Who long to fill their arms with hen;
 While sheiks in Fords will sigh full sore,
 And neck, and park, and neck some more.
 In art the girl is on the throne:
 We sculp her bust in brass and stone;
 We paint her face to feed our flame—
 She paints it first, we're not to blame.

And so at last I end my verse.
 I trust you grant long words are worse;
 For I'm quite sure the short are best
 For Chink in East and us in West.
 More than one sound is much too much:
 Sesquipedalia and such
 Seem desuetudinous to me
 In polysyllabicity.

We are pleased to note that there is more advertising matter in this issue of *Vox* than in any issue during some years past. It seems to be an indication of Western prosperity, of the keen business policy of our local houses, and of their confidence in the quality of the goods and services they offer.

It is for *Vox* readers to give them a trial. Support your advertisers. See how they support you!

The Exchange Editor acknowledges with thanks the following exchanges: The Gateway, The Ubyyssey, The Brandon College Quill, The Trinity University Review, The Managra.

Commenting on the Manitoba debating team, the Ubyyssey makes the following comprehensive report: "At this point in the program, Mr. Paul Murphy introduced the debating team from Manitoba. Both of its members, Mr. Richardson and Mr. Saunderson, gave samples of Manitoba wit!"

Statisticians state that Canada's national wealth is \$2,525 per person. We would like to know when we can collect our share.

"I never felt so put out in my life," said the student as he read the letter from the Dean.

The Mikado

SUPPER DANCE PARTIES

Immigration—A National Problem

By BURTON T. RICHARDSON

None of the national problems confronting Canada today are more important than the immigration question. The number, quality and condition of the population of the future has a vital significance for every Canadian problem of major importance. Therefore, the question of our present immigration policy should be a prime consideration to every Canadian citizen. Our national policy in this matter should be recognized as one of the chief factors to be considered relative to the question as to who we, as a Canadian race, will be in the future.

Present Racial Composition

Let us first answer the question of who we as Canadians are now, then let us consider what sort of a national stock we should wish to evolve for the future. It will include some survey of some of Canada's needs in the matter of population, and then, and then only, shall we have reached an adequate basis on which to form an opinion of what Canada's immigration policy should be.

In the first place, the two predominant racial stocks in Canada have always been, and still are, British and French. The last Dominion census (1921) showed that these two stocks constitute about eighty-three percent. of the total population and that the remaining seventeen percent. are divided among thirty or more races. The question which naturally arises at this point is, How does the present policy of Canada in this matter act to preserve this dominant strain? A brief glance at the latest available statistics on immigration

shows that for the first eight months of the fiscal year of 1928 British and U.S. immigrants (the latter being largely of British ancestry) constituted about fifty-three percent. of the total. Added to this we have the assurance of Mr. Forke, speaking in Brandon a few weeks ago, that his policy for the coming year will be that of closer adherence to the principle of British preference. Therefore, as far as the immediate considerations of the problem are concerned, if we consider that the present mixture of population is satisfactory, it is being maintained by the present policy.

Desirable Immigrants

Let us then consider the qualities and characteristics of the type of immigrant which we consider desirable and satisfactory for Canada. What must he be, what must he possess in order to conform to our standard as an eligible newcomer to our country? The first obvious consideration is that he must conform to a high physical and mental standard. This is the first criterion which should operate in our immigration policy, for no one will deny that our citizens of tomorrow require strong physiques and firm mentalities. Other criteria which, I believe, should operate in this matter, and which are not mentioned very often in an immigration discussion, are those which may be termed moral, social, industrial, political, even aesthetic. These aspects of the question, if considered, will take account of elements of our national life which are perhaps better controlled by an guide in the matter of selection and

preference of immigrants. Before intelligent preference exercised through orders-in-council rather than a rigid legislative enactment. Our present government policy recognizes, of course, the rigid exclusion of moral degenerates, lunatics, convicted criminals, and the like.

Canada's Needs

The needs of Canada in the matter of immigration can only be suggested here by a brief consideration of fundamental economic principles. Canada is in the process of industrial development. What factors, then, we may ask, are necessary for progress in a country in this process of development? First of all, great natural resources are needed, and there is no doubt about Nature's bounty in Canada. Then there is the matter of capital. In passing, we should recognize that there are restrictions and limitations to the flow of capital to our developing industries. But, if the opportunity is here, the money markets of the world will pour the vitalizing flow of capital into our country, just as surely as water will flow downhill. Finally, what about the Labor element in our industrial life? Labor, just like capital, when considered as an economic factor, is governed by economic laws, and if available in the world at all, it will be supplied to our industrial needs. This does not in the least suppose that we must take all and everyone who comes along, for we shall always retain the right to exclude "undesirables," I hope, and through proper selection, and by the exercise of an intelligent preference, we shall admit those immigrants which we deem "desirable."

Principles of Preference

In conclusion, then let us con-

sider what principles operate. The Open Door policy is untenable for many reasons, some of which will undoubtedly suggest themselves to the reader at once. Nor would a general and absolute prohibition of immigration find many supporters among those who have intelligently considered the needs of our country. A quota system, after the style of the United States, might be proposed. Yet, on reflection, the vital factors of the problem will be seen to be beyond the scope of a policy based on mere numbers and percentages. Thus finally the principle of Preference based on sound standards offers an acceptable policy.

In general terms we prefer people like ourselves, for there is a great underlying fear in the public mind against mingling racial stocks which cannot be assimilated into our national life, and the fear is quite justified. The more indissoluble the ingredients of the national melange are, the more acute are the resultant national problems, such as, congestion in the foreign quarters of our large cities, disruption of industry, political unrest, and social upheaval. These are real dangers which lurk near at hand for us, and as such cannot be ignored. Also, like rational and intelligent citizens, we should recognize the vital needs of Canada in the matter of immigration. The logical course of action for us to pursue, then, is to exercise our preference so that the needs may be met, and all avoidable dangers may be avoided. The ultimate criterion by which the immigrant should be measured is that he should be a potential citizen for Canada, one who will fit into our national life, serve our national ideals, and help us achieve our national destiny.

Bibliothecal Felicities

With Apologies to Addison

I know of nothing more typical of the advance in civilization which has been made in our own day and generation, than is manifest by our maintenance of places for the fixing of social standards and relations. One reads with interest of the custom of the ancients who, for the exchange of discourse and comment upon topics of the day, were wont to frequent artificial baths, or swimming pools. At a much later period of the world's development, the wits, philosophers, and, in general, men of ambition, congregated at the royal courts for the purpose of showing their parts, and of obtaining such information as was then of great moment. I shall not further presume upon my reader's indulgence than by venturing to recall to his memory the epoch of that Mr. Joseph Addison, whose skill in the art of writing many young persons of our time would fain still imitate: and in whose period the public coffee house was the scene of much beneficial as well as frivolous intercourse.

As I was yesterday perusing an edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, which volumes are to be found only in our larger and more copious libraries, I was arrested in my reading by the entrance of a number of young people, of whom, a young lady and gentleman were so amiably disposed as to take up a position in the seats quite near to my right hand. Whereupon they immediately engaged themselves in what I first esteemed to be an intimate exchange of confidences, but which I have later identified in a much broader and more comprehensive character. Of all discour-

tesies, least wishing to be guilty of that practice commonly known as eaves-dropping, I was at great pains to alter my situation to a more remote section of the chamber. Upon my so doing, however, I was not a little dismayed and astonished to behold the couple follow my example and again occupy the adjoining seat.

For my own part, it was of the utmost importance that I should obtain certain information from the records of the volume previously mentioned which I was in need of, for a paper requested of me by a department of the Wesley College. But as the parchment was not one of those which may be removed from the apartment, I determined to pursue my reading as best I might.

Whilst I was thus engaged, and in spite of my faithful endeavor to concentrate my faculties completely upon the matter before me, I could not do otherwise than pay heed to certain parts of my companions' conversation.

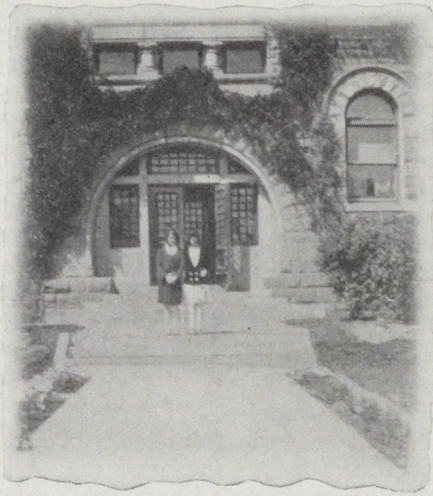
"I hope," says the young man, leaning far over the table and gazing into the eyes of the maiden (whose orbs I afterwards remarked to be of a robin's-egg blue), "I hope, Miss Lucy, you will not consider me to be sentimental, for then my words could but fall lightly upon your ears." To which entreaty our coy damoiselle replied by a most becoming and graceful lowering of the eyelashes, accompanied by such a dainty and pretty confusion! "But do you know," continues he, "that when I first saw you at that little informal affair, I

was struck by, and have ever since retained the memory of, your eyes."

From the above simple instance of events that are today of common occurrence, it is quite evident that our libraries have taken an unprecedented place in the development and revealing of humanity's social distinctions and conceits; and one

which cannot be rivalled in its advantages by any of the institutions of the past; since in none of them was the oftentimes indifferent, or timorous spectator compelled through his own necessity, to observe and appreciate these, the artifices, the very "nosegays of flirtation," in which youth so delights.
—C.B.

The Old Front Door



*Through me men gon un-to the welle of Grace
Wher grene and lustie May shal ever endure;
This is the way to al good aventure;
Be glad, thow reder and thy sorwe of-caste,
Al open am I, pas in and speed thee faste!*

—Chaucer.

Ballad to a Bluebottle's Eyes

(Realistic description of a Freshman's mind on the night before examination in one of those "review courses" provided by the English Dept.)

Ten thousand times ten thousand,
Dead Cæsar's turned to clay.
An hour to play and the match to win,
Her name was Lucy Gray.

Then up spake brave Horatius,
The darling of our crew:
"There's more in this than meets the eye,"
Said he: "The same to you!"

O sharper than a serpent's tooth,
Is man's ingratitude;
For now the die is cast upon
The waters dark and rude.

The glories of our blood and State,
Doth make man better be;
They also serve who stand and wait
Upon the Nancy Lee.

"Oh, daddy, don't go down the mine,
Until the road is clear,
And the roll is called up yonder
For Lady Vere de Vere."

Kind hearts are more than coronets,
This glorious first of June;
O come unto these yellow sands
And dance a rigadon.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
Tom Pearce's old grey mare,
And added to the dynamite
An Universal Prayer.

O land of hope and glory,
Let's all go down the Strand;
From the field of his fame fresh and gory,
Oh! wouldn't it be grand.

If all the world were paper,
The moving finger writes,
My head is bloody but unbowed
And so was Aphrodite's!

—Rag Rag.

“Why I am a Theologue”

It was a pleasant Saturday morning in a summer of the nineteen twenties. The preacher had risen early in order to spend a few quiet hours in sermon preparation. He did not relish the task, for the preceding week had brought him many disappointments. There had been a temporary split in the Ladies' Aid Society, the missionary campaign had been a partial failure, and the Session had objected to certain features of the evening services which he had introduced in order to interest the young people.

As he sat and thought of these things there came to him the question: “Why did I enter the ministry?” It was a challenge to him. He could not preach on Sunday without satisfying the demands of his reason.

Why did I enter the ministry? He repeated to himself. Partly because of my early training and environment. I came from a home where a truly religious atmosphere was predominant, and where the Christian ministry was held up to be the greatest task and opportunity in the world. The desire to enter the ministry did not come to me with the shock of a great decision. The goal of my education was set for me naturally and gradually. I grew up into the idea.

But this cannot fully explain. There came a time in my life when a voluntary step had to be made towards the consummation of the ideal that had been implanted in me through home influence. Why did I take that step?

First, because I realized that the Christian ministry would keep me in intimate touch with mankind. I knew that I would have to learn

to study people, to work with them, and to lead them. Now, I am sincerely interested in my fellow men. Therefore, the ministry appealed to me.

Second, because the survey of my capabilities revealed the fact that my contribution to the world could best be made through this channel of service.

Third, because the Christian ministry provides me with one of the finest opportunities of helping others, both socially and religiously. Through the worship services I can bring them into closer touch with the source of my power and strength—God. Through my leadership in the community I can help them to grasp better the value of adequate recreation, good housing conditions, co-operation in business, and the social factors.

I have not an easy task to perform, but by the grace of God I shall carry on, confident that I am tackling one of the greatest problems in the world, that of getting people to work together for our social and moral improvement.

That is why I am a Theologue!
—Scaevola.

SOCIETY NOTE

On Saturday last the Undergraduate Co-eds entertained the girls of the graduating class to a charming aeroplane tea. Mrs. Riddell and Mrs. Baird (alias Mrs. J. N. Anderson) presided at the tea-urns. Our society sleuth has been put on the case and hopes to unravel the mystery. The most promising theory so far is that of mistaken identity.

“Why I am Not a Theologue”

By MARK A. TALNICOFF

“Yes, I have considered the Ministry as a possible vocation for my life. Frankly speaking, I have been unable to overcome the objections that have arisen in my mind.”

“The Ministry? No, I haven’t thought seriously of it. In fact it holds no appeal for me.”

“What! Be a parson? No sir, that is no job for a man.”

The question I put to these college students is obvious and the answers I received were frank—sometimes brutally frank. The men I spoke to were of a fine type, capable of doing splendid work in some field of service. Some were sons of clergymen, and had spent all their lives in homes where the religious spirit was manifested. The answers given me constitute some of the reasons why more students do not enter the ministry. And as I delved into and pondered over their remarks I realized that some of the decisions must have been reached after a real mental struggle and were not the outcome of haste or indifference. On the other hand, there remained in my mind a lingering suspicion that many of the students failed to grasp the supreme motive that constrains men to enter a profession which is so widely misunderstood and abused by friend and foe. This article does not attempt to answer the objections or offer any solutions to the problems discussed. I merely state the reasons as they were given to me by various men in our own college.

Cost of Preparation

This is the reply of one young man: “When I attempted to solve the problem of my life’s work I weighed several professions care-

fully. I considered medicine, law, engineering, teaching from the standpoint of financial remuneration to repay me for the years spent in preparation, also the social position and the chances of advancement each offered. I must admit that the ministry was permanently shelved by me as not worthy of consideration. Somehow it seems to be outside of our thinking when we plan our life’s vocation. You must admit that the other professions are more attractive in these modern times.” So this young man did not even list the ministry as a possibility. In the uplifting of other professions the ministry seems to have fallen in the estimation of the young men of the present generation.

Mystical “Call”

Another student said: “I have always associated the work of the clergyman with some mysterious, supernatural ‘call’ without which no man should undertake the work. Our pastor related for our benefit the wonderful experience he had during which he heard a voice urging him to go out for the Master. Others have told me of this ‘call’ they received and as I have not experienced it, how do I know that the Divine Being desires my services?” And so this splendid young man, not inclined in any way towards mysticism, felt himself outside the possibility of service in the ministry because someone had drilled into him this theory of a supernatural voice issuing a call during some mysterious experience. I endeavored to point out to him that every opportunity to serve mankind is a call as well as the urge within him

that prompts him to do kind deeds, but he smiled and said: "So you say, but I know a fellow who was actually asked by an Examining Board when and where he heard the call and was subjected to much criticism because he could not tell them."

"I am not prepared to make the sacrifice that the work of a clergyman demands," stated another young man. He said he understood that a pastor's job meant more than two sermons on Sunday. His life would have to blend well into the things he preached and certain pleasures and practices would have to be avoided. Beside all these things the abuse and severity of fellow-men is so centered on the minister that he felt he could not stand it. Therefore, rather than enter upon this sacred work and quit later he was studying with the view to teaching.

I will not endeavor to trace to its source the belief that the work of a preacher is not for red-blooded men, but only fit for weak effeminate creatures who gossip over a cup of tea at a Ladies' Aid meeting. That this opinion exists will not come as a shock to anyone and perhaps if we were to trace it to its source clergymen would not be immune from blame. These remarks I have made were prompted by a blunt statement made by a young man in answer to my question as to why he did not enter the ministry. He said quickly: "It isn't a job for a man." He did not see in the profession a call to the strength, courage, manliness and indomitable will that would be required from a rugby player. He considered a lawyer, doctor, professor, an engineer to be a man but a minister was engaged in that

work because he wasn't fit for any other.

Financial Difficulties

Another student defended his rejection of the profession on the basis of insufficient salary. He claimed that the general attitude is that it is a sin for a minister to mention his salary. If a doctor sends in his bill it is considered to be a legitimate claim for services rendered, but when a pastor meekly asks for back salary he is a mercenary creature only in the business for the sake of the money he can make. "So," he said, "many ministers are unable to purchase necessary books and periodicals or even dress decently. They are not able to educate their children properly without severe sacrifices elsewhere. The educated man of today regards the education of his children as an absolute necessity and his failure to secure it for them as a great wrong. If I enter the ministry I take a chance of committing that wrong. The pastor must accept the wages his parishioners often bestow with a grudge, and at times he suffers the loss of self-respect as he caters to some pew in mortal fear of losing a wealthy contributor. No, I do not wish to enter a profession in which I will depend solely on the good-will of a congregation for my existence."

Lack of Intellectual Freedom

You may claim that some of these reasons prove the men to be unfit for the ministry. But what of the man who knows the demands for sacrifice and courage, who does not dwell on the meagre salary of the pastor, and is willing to stand the so-called inconveniences of a pastor's life and yet rejects the profession. I said to such

(Continued on page 64)

English Club Activities

Some thirty English students of the Senior Division enjoyed the hospitality of Prof. and Mrs. A. L. Phelps, which is one of the most valued privileges of membership in the Wesley College English Club. The enjoyment of two meetings was contributed to by Mr. W. Bridges Adams, director of the Stratford-on-Avon Shakespeare Memorial Theater, who entertained the gathering with a delightful causerie on the production of Shakespeare's plays; and Mr. J. W. Dafoe, Editor of the *Free Press*, who spoke on "Political Journalism," lending a piquant flavor to his subject by anecdotes drawn from personal experience.

Varied topics have been dealt with by members of the Club, from French, Greek and English literature. Doris Hunt read a comprehensive paper on "Anatole France." George Vlassis contributed a fine account of "The Origin and Development of the Classical Drama." David Owens gave an informative and thoroughly interesting paper on "H. G. Wells." Burton Richardson treated his subject, "John Stuart Mill," in an admirable manner, opening up several channels of lively discussion.

We also anticipate a pleasant evening at our next meeting, when Miss Eunice Bennett will take as her subject "Behaviorism."

Nurse (to professor)—Professor, a boy has arrived.

Professor (absent-mindedly)—Ask him what he wants.

Prof.—Order, please!
Sleepy voice from back of room
—One hot beef sandwich!

A Gracious Act

One of the last acts of Dr. Sparling, about fifteen years ago, was to originate a movement to raise an endowment fund for Wesley College. It was to reach \$250,000, and would put the College on a financial basis commensurate with its liabilities and opportunities. Dr. Sparling was able to obtain a long list of subscriptions, but unfortunately his death interrupted their collection.

A number of subscribers made good their promise, and among those was the late Sir John C. Eaton. Unfortunately, however, many allowed their promise to lapse, and the endowment fund still lacks the proportions necessary to achieve its purpose.

Desiring to remember its benefactors, two years ago the College instituted a number of scholarships named after men who had been outstanding in their relation to the College as educationists and financial benefactors. Among these was the late Sir John C. Eaton.

Recently Lady Eaton has done a gracious thing in setting aside, through the College administration, an amount of money whose interest will ensure the yearly payment of the scholarship.

It is very fitting that the name of a gentleman renowned for business and personal integrity, as well as for practical philanthropy, should be perpetuated in this way. It is a monument more enduring than bronze, and it bears witness in a realm where efficiency and character are the uppermost values.

The student body of Wesley College desires to express its appreciation of a gracious act.

The International Affairs Group

Under the able and enthusiastic leadership of Dr. Louis Moffit this student activity has been the occasion of much "sweetness and light," at times even heat, in the comprehension and understanding of complex and yet vital present-day foreign problems. For two years this group has met and in informal but serious debate tried to thresh out some of the knotty problems presented before it.

The ideal aimed at is to give every member some active part in the problem discussed. Gradually the meetings have become less formal. What is desired is not to read a set paper, but to be able to discuss, challenge, debate, "on your feet." The "secretariat" chooses parts for "nations," and the work of each specific phase is done by separate persons and special preview is given by a selected speaker.

To speed up the preparatory process the various "nations" taking a part, a day or two before a meeting provide a resumé of their position and attitude. The other members can read this and thus, with a certain amount of preparation before hand, discussion can be under way in a very brief time.

Picture to your self a meeting in the Faculty room. Every chair is filled. The speaker has opened the subject. The "nations" are intently listening to the subject, the "Foreign Policy of Japan." "Japan" explains her position. "China" asks a few pertinent questions. Replies and answers are shot back and forth. "Russia" wishes to know about "Manchuria." "Manchuria" details her sad plight among three warring factions. "Korea" wishes to know the why and wherefore

of certain aspects of Imperialism.

From politics the discussion turns to economics. Here we find the underlying motives for Japan's attitude to China and her reluctance to withdraw from Manchuria. Occasionally a shaft of wit prevents the debate from becoming too serious and heated.

After a few such discussions we begin to comprehend some of the ulterior reasons which force the hand of the diplomat. Some complexity of the factors, racial, religious, cultural, economic and political, which determine the moves on the international check-board can at least be realized if not appreciated. "American Imperialism," "The Monroe Doctrine," "The World Struggle for Oil," "The Peace Pact," "Japan," "Dictatorship," have been some of the subjects under discussion.

Much good talent has been unearthed, and as the atmosphere is such as to encourage any contribution, yet lacking the formality of a debate, many members, diffident and shy at first, can now "do their bit" and know the joy of battle in a lively debate.

Dr. Moffit, as the discussion proceeds, always tactfully prevents irrelevancy, and with a few pointed questions or a few salient facts, can uncover the inner meaning of seemingly inconsistent actions. The International Affairs Group is one of the liveliest of the permanent student activities of United Colleges. If you are interested in foreign affairs, or world politics, you will find in this group the associations, direction and incentive needed to give you pleasure, self-expression and information.

Matrics

As the years go by the Matriculation Department is showing itself to be more indispensable to College life both intellectually and athletically. Slowly moving out of the shadow of indifference, it is stepping into the light of the college day and showing itself in very creditable colors.

The Matrics are becoming anything but a nonentity in debating, scoring a decisive victory over First Year in a very interesting and instructive debate. Its representatives were Murray Smith and Miss Dorothy Herzer.

In the debate against Second Year the Matric representatives, Stuart McGavin and Miss Mary Prescott, were defeated but went down with colors flying.

There is a series of clubs which every Matriculation student may and is expected to join. Meeting every Friday from 3 to 4 o'clock, they are the Dramatic, English, Boys' Applied Science and Girls' Applied Science Clubs.

The Dramatic Club is headed by Mr. Halstead. Its aim is to develop the acting talent in the students, and so far they have put on two plays, and are preparing for three more.

The English Club, under Mr. Murray, is at present studying Canadian Poets. This Club is largely composed of girls, having only one boy in membership, and he seems to have despaired of reinforcements, for we haven't noticed him appearing recently.

The Boys' Applied Science seems to be having a successful time under Mr. Longman's leadership. As far as we can see they spend their time running in and out of candy facto-

ries. It may be all right, but we wish Jim Musgrove would wear a larger overcoat, for his pockets show several suspicious bulges after these trips.

Miss Pettingill leads the Girls' Applied Science. According to what is told us, they spend most of their time in laundries. One young lady whose name we shall withhold was so inspired by her visits that she volunteered to wash our one and only handkerchief.

The last Matriculation concert was very successful. A group of girls from Grade IX, supervised by Mr. Katsunoff, performed very well in their songs, and Miss Dillaboll gave us some piano selections.

A number of Arts students favored us with their presence. We are very glad to welcome to our entertainments any of our noble and inevitably intelligent Seniors who wish to come.

Matriculation is also standing well in the center of the athletic limelight. In hockey, our old friend Mike Mitenko is one of the stars of the Junior Team. The Cuspidor hockey team has made a very fine showing, winning more games than it has lost. James McDiarmid was skip of the first team from the United Colleges to win the Porte Markle Trophy in eight years. He also plays on the United Junior basketball team.

In football both Maurice Head and Bill Horminuik made a place in the champion Senior team. Mike Mitenko, Ralph Keeling and Bert Neil are Matriculation's contribution to the champion Junior team.

Euripides—Have a peanut.

Aristotle—Thanks, I shell.

Class '32 Notes

At a meeting of the Algebra Class, in room D, a short time ago, James Ramsay was nominated by Prof. O. T. Anderson for the presidency of the I.W.W. Club. We understand that the membership of the club diminished by fifty per cent about the time the table of Easter Exams. was posted.

* * *

The annual scrummage between Sophs. and Freshies was done in real style this year. The flag was tied in a tree in front of the college grounds and the Sophs ranged around it, prepared to meet all-comers. The "comers" were the Freshies, who, after giving a lil' ol' "Artski" as a battle cry, advanced at the double. The ground about was quickly reduced to a mud puddle, in which moved a seething mass of more or less human forms. Several inches of real estate having been removed, these forms resolved themselves into Sophs and Freshies. After several ineffectual attempts, Earle McKittrick succeeded in reaching the flag. Upon substituting some rope for a broken belt, he descended and was given a warm reception by the Sophs. It is rumored that a compromise was finally reached, Sophs and Freshies each contenting themselves with half the flag.

* * *

When asked if he knew Maurice Delicht, Cappy Rhur was heard to reply: "Sure, we sleep in the same French Class!"

* * *

Judging by the good time everyone seemed to have at our class parties, we are sure that this year has been a success socially.

Our first event was a dance which, naturally, the "worthy"

Sophs raided. They did not succeed in grabbing the eats, however, which, perhaps, resulted in better business for Childs that night.

Of course we had a toboggan party, and it too was a success.

Taking all in all, many thanks are due to our Social and Literary representatives—Beth Brown and Gordon Roxburgh.

* * *

'32 boys have done well in hockey. They won the first series in the Cuspidor League and tied with Second Year in the second series.

* * *

There is always a dark cloud in every bright sky.

At the beginning of the second term we lost one of our classmates, Horace McDougall, and during the year Ellice Scott and Gwen Taylor suffered, respectively, the loss of his and her mother.

The sympathy of '32 goes out to them in their sad bereavement.

FACTS ABOUT SOME '32'S

Roy Musgrove was the noted goalie for the Valour Road hockey team.

* * *

Ed. Magill was a member of the winning team in the College Nov-elty Bonspiel.

* * *

Ernest and Horace Dennison filled notable parts in the "Gondoliers."

* * *

James Ramsay, '32, was recently presented with a life-saving certificate for his bravery in attempting to save a drowning man at Redditt, Ontario.

WE WONDER?

1. What became of the black smudge under Norman Everson's nose.

2. What would happen if Nan Whyte and Hazelle Bergstrom were ever separated.

3. Who won the heart of a "Diamond."

4. If we will have some more hot air about the States next year.

5. What kind of sports the male sex are, judging from the bevy of beautiful belles who didn't get a bid to the dinner.

6. How many will get "hitched up" after leaving Grade Twelve.

7. If it would be possible to take up a collection so as to provide certain "males" with the means of procuring a haircut which would not be hard on the eyes.

8. What Adeline Knight would do without her giggle.

9. What Ches. Henry would do if there were no checkers in the Common Room.

10. What people thought of the '32 stunt.

News of Class '31

EXECUTIVE 1928-29

Hon President—Prof. Phelps.

President—O. H. Hibbert.

Vice-President—Miss F. Mills.

Secretary—R. S. Kippen.

Athletics—N. Beamish and Miss M. Hopkins.

Social & Lit.—J. Warriner and Miss M. Armstrong.

Debating—S. J. Parsons and Miss E. Ross.

Dramatics—W. Harland and Miss M. Graham.

Manitoban and Vox—W. M. Reid.

PARTIES

Class '31 this year held two very successful class parties. The first was held in the Elks Hall in the early part of the fall and was accompanied by the annual Freshmen's raid, which helped to make a break in the evening. (Suggested amendment: "Many breaks"!)

The second party was held on the evening of March 7, in Osborne Hall. There was a very good turnout and all those present enjoyed themselves. Printed souvenirs were given to all those present.

The non-resident girls of Second Year recently entertained the resident girls to a very enjoyable tallyho party, after which the girls returned to the home of Miss Elizabeth Ferguson for lunch.

* * *

Sylvia (just before exams)—Well, now that I know everything I hope my memory doesn't fail me.

Jean—I don't give a darn about my memory as long as the Prof's don't fail me.

* * *

H.O.H.—What lives in a barn, has four feet, eats oats, and can see as well behind him as in front of him?

M.H.—Darned if I know!

H.O.H.—A blind horse.

* * *

Norrie—Come on Emmy, get up for this lecture.

Emmy (sleepily)—Aw, what's the hurry? we're not even late yet.

* * *

L. D.—And how did you like Wilf's moustache?

M. H.—Oh, it tickled me immensely.

GLIMPSSES INTO THE FUTURE

Extracts from Newspapers-to-Be

"His Honor Judge Stark was yesterday unable to be on the bench on account of his wedding."

"Dr. W. S. Allison led his Winnipeg rink through to win the Canadian curling championship."

"Young Beamish, the fair-headed custodian of the New York Rangers, turned in a wonderful game and was largely responsible for his team's victory."

"Out of a large field of competitors Miss M. Hopkins, formerly shot put champion of the University of Manitoba, yesterday won the rolling-pin throwing competition."

Oyez! Oyez! Oyez!

The Theological Fraternity take great pleasure in presenting
"The Whoop and Holler Review of 1929"

by

Alex. Cox, Producer of Hair-splitting Situations

Prologue

The Stone Wall Jig—a Dance to the Spirit of Inspiration—Miss I. Farrow.

The De Koy Ness Chorus—"Give Me the Brains of a Theolog"—Mrs. M. Thompson and the Scotch Sisters, Marion and May. Miss E. Patteson at the Nordheimer Grand.

Part I

The Greatest Sensation of the Age
J. Scott Leith, the boy with his heart in Brandon.

Song—"Under the Mistletoe"—Cliff Matchett.

Monologue—"The Broom She Sweep"—Jim Brown.

"At a meeting of the Board of Directors yesterday, Prof. O. M. Hubbard of the University of Winnipeg was appointed as President of Bisley College."

"Miss J. Holt took last weekend from missionary duties in West China and visited her Alma Mater, Wesley College, Winnipeg. She returned by the Monday morning radioplane."

* * *

Bill—Do you know Sam is two-thirds married?

Bob—How's that?

Bill—Well, he's willing and so is the minister.

* * *

Bob (looking at watch in Lab.)

—Are you twenty to?

Jessie—No, I'm just nineteen.

Lecture—"The Value of Cultivating an Appreciation for Musical Ability"—Bert Boone.

Part III

Cecil King—Famous English Variety Artist—War Stories.

Skit, "The Skipper Takes Control" The Skipper, biggest little man on the water, Homer Lane; Efficiency Expert, he knows his notes, John McLeod; the Traveller, going from one place to another, Geo. McNeil; the Cookee, he likes a free meal, Dave Cavers.

Finale

"Save Us from the Wrath to Come"

Scenery by Jack McKenzie, designer of the College Crest. (Services donated free.)

Prompter—W. R. Welsh, chief aide to Prof. Kerr.

Wigs designed by J. E. Clarke. Musical Director and Cigarette Seller—Sigmund Balla.

The Big Parade

(Note—This annual event will be larger this year than ever before in the history of the Institution.)

ORDER OF PROCESSION

1. Prof. A. C. Cook
Reading a history essay aloud (quite loud).
2. M. J. Willis
With a big stick and football attached.
3. Winifred Bradley
In a red dress, carrying stick with red flag (to match dress).
5. Tableau:
Large gondola. Youth (Jean) on the prow, and Pleasure Cam. Langille) at the helm.
6. Demonstration:
Practical Sociology. Kay Bell distributing alms.
7. Tableau Vivant:
Seven Sisters.
(Note, rightly disposed this time. See number opposite.)
Laura, Muriel, Madge, Helen, Dot, Bea, Hazel.
8. John W. Linton,
Secretary House Committee; also Class '29, also Annual Parlor Games, bearing large pen.
9. Harold A. Mooney
In lab. coat and odor of H₂S.
10. Band:
Cliff Udell at the piano; Bruce cornetting on top, Jake Lysecki going round with the hat (Ethel's, we presume).
11. Dowager Duchess of Honoris Causa (B.T.R.) on Throne.
12. Float
Containing a group of cephalopodic pre-Mesozoic Manitobans: Furnival brothers, Milt Halstead, Earl Hicks.
13. Lill Vanstone
Skinning one large rabbit. (We hope its epidermis will be large enough to go round.)
14. Les Sages Oiseaux:
Doris, Urla, Grace and others sing "Allouette."
15. G. Demetrius Vlassis
Assisted by Sig Gillis and Richard Buck, directing Greek chorus (tragic of course).
Chorus Girls: Esther, Eunice, Inez, Muriel, Ivy, Eleanor and Miss Belton.
16. Prof. A. L. Phelps
On horseback, brandishing a brown Boston bean-bag.
17. Large Float
Following at respectful distance (of one year), containing Masqueraders:
Jerry Riddell as *Clio*, Dot Be-
well as *Student*, Nora Maun-
ders as *Lady Vere de Vere*, and
Dave Owens as *Peter Pan*.

There was a young fellow called
Burton,
Whose upper lip seemed to have
dirt on.
He called it a whisker,
It looked like a blister,
What it actually is, we're not
certain.

Prof. Phelps—Did you study
this poem last night?
Mr. Udell—Yes, I put my
whole mind into it.
Prof.—I see it is blank verse.

Jake—This piece of fish is not
as good as that we had last week.
Maid—That's funny—it's off
the same fish.



So far during the second term two more trophies have been added to the list of athletic awards already attained during the 1928-29 session. The hockey has been somewhat of a disappointment this year, but in basketball and curling the results have been most gratifying. The Men's Junior Basketball team so far have taken everything before them in the interfaculty league, and will, no doubt, be seen in the play-offs in the near future. The Ladies' Senior Basketball team are again to the fore with their strong lineup; three members of this team played on the Varsity Co-Ed team against the Western teams. The Juniors also have a very promising outfit of players. The beautiful Porte Markel trophy was captured by the United Curlers, and the Co-ed Interfaculty Championship goes to United Colleges this year.

JUNIOR BASKETBALL

Prospects for a Junior Basketball Championship look better this year than they have for some time. So far this term the team has gone through the regular schedule without a defeat, and it only remains for them to meet Accountancy, the winners of the Second Division, to decide whether or not the championship cup shall occupy a place in our halls.

The team this year is under the captaincy of Alex. Danylchuk, who plays on the forward line, and who also has been responsible for a good number of the points chalked up for United. On the other wing we find Bill Korchik, who has worked in well with the forwards.

The center position is well filled by J. MacKidd, who does some very effective pivot work. He is very ably assisted by J. McDiarmid, alternate at center. On the back line we have about as good a pair of guards as could be desired in the persons of T. Millar and D. Conly. Although both are short they are right on the job when it comes to intercepting passes, getting rebounds and scoring baskets.

This term the team made a trip to Brandon, where they met the collegiate and college teams in two very fast games. Although forced to take the short end of the scores, the boys put up a plucky battle, and report a real ripping time at Brandon.—W.M.R.

CURLING

The exponents of the "roarin' game" have enjoyed a very successful season. Every Saturday the Scottish sportsmen were compelled to play early morning games in order to reap the benefit of an investment in a bus proposition, and St.

John's rink has been the scene of many interesting and novel draws.

A rink of lady curlers, skipped by Miss Mildred Musgrove and including Misses J. Ray, M. Hopkins and E. Ross, was successful in capturing the interfaculty cup. In the single series of the men's interfaculty competition, E. Thompson,

a feature of this year's program, and since the champions for the season have not been determined, there is still much speculation on the question.

The annual bonspiel, with an entry of sixteen rinks, is now in progress, and judging from the keen interest again manifest, the usual success will be attained in this annual event.—D.E.L.G.

HOCKEY

The results of the Interfaculty Hockey League are somewhat of a disappointment as far as the United Colleges are concerned. Although no games were won, none of the defeats were overwhelming.

The United boys were quite an even match for any team they came up against during the season; and with the brand of hockey exhibited they were deserving of a higher standing in the league.

In the first game the United team divided the honors 1-1 with Science, champs of last year, in a game in which the College boys had a slight edge in the play. The M.A.C. and St. John's teams were victors in the next two games, winning 2-0 and 1-0, respectively, in two hard-fought games.

Of the last year's team N. Beamish, B. Richardson, C. Avery and B. McKitrick were still on the lineup, while the new recruits to the team this year included G. Fotheringham, K. Truman, E. McKitrick, M. Mitenko, G. Dailley, R. Duff and K. Clarke. Two of the team will be lost through graduation, but with such a force of material added to the team prospects look very bright for next year's hockey honors. The team this year was



W. Allison, H. Lane and J. McDiarmid (skip) comprised a foursome which brought to the College the Porte Markel Trophy. This same aggregation also showed up very creditably in the provincial bonspiel, turning aside several of the old-timers to draw near the jewelry.

Interclass competition has been

under the direction of J. Murray, coach, and H. Hibbert, manager.

The Interclass Hockey League, under the management of Sig. Gillis, has yet to decide its champions. First Year were the winners of the first series, but the teams stand fairly even in the second series and there is much doubt as to who will be the winners of the "Cuspidor" this year. Girls' interclass hockey was revived this year, but so far only one game has been played in the schedule.

Girls' Basketball

SENIOR LEAGUE

In the Senior League of the girls' basketball our line-up of this year has defeated Arts and Medicine. The games scheduled for next week with Agricultural College will determine the Senior championship. The girls are out to win two championships in a row. The quinteete line-up is as follows:

Silvia Bird (right forward)—A good ball handler, quick, makes pretty shots from the field and is known to drop in extra baskets.

Willa Carson (left forward)—Captain of the team and a good leader. She has scoring ability plus; and much of our success is due to "Bill" and her clever shooting. She just can't miss.

Ruth Armstrong (center)—Has three years' experience and knows the game. Her shots are always dependable and she is sure on the tip-off.

Marjorie Hopkins (right guard)—Marj's slogan is "They shall not pass"; fast, and plays a good checking game.

Clever defense player; makes sure passes and is a much valued member of the team. "Is" is there

Isobel McLaren (left guard)—every time.

Due to the unfortunate delay in timing the schedule, the Juniors have had little opportunity to show their ability. There is good material among the players and we are confident of winning the league next year.

As we go to press, word has come to us of the 2-0 victory of the United hockey team over the Arts Juniors. The contest was the last of the series and the win kept United from the bottom position in the league standing. The game was scoreless throughout the first two periods, but in the dying moments of the final period United scored twice, the first by E. McKittrick on a pass from his brother, and the second by C. Avery from G. Fotheringham.

Another championship was

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claimed by the United Colleges when the Men's Junior Basketball Team won the series, defeating Accountancy in the recent playoffs. The United boys are to be congratulated on their splendid showing, having never met defeat and winning handily in the playoffs.

A Successful Experiment

Lecture-Readings by Prof. Phelps

Invited by a number of city teachers and others, Prof. A. L. Phelps of the English Department recently delivered a series of four public lecture-readings in Convocation Hall.

Dealing with Milton and Wordsworth, respectively, Prof. Phelps used in each case the method of adopting a thesis which involved a review of the entire literary production of the poet. Milton, he maintained, never underwent a radical change, as some critics claim, but rather his roots struck deeper with the years. Readings in Milton's poems all the way from the Nativity Ode to Samson Agonistes helped to establish the position. Similarly, it was held that Wordsworth, popularly regarded as a Nature poet, was primarily a poet of Man. Prof. Phelps gave his hearers readings from the Prelude, the Sonnets and other well-known poems, and even dared to challenge them with the notorious "Simon Lee."

The lectures were well attended by an appreciative audience, who enjoyed greatly the wealth of telling phrases and the inimitable faculty for reading poetry with which we shall always associate the name of Prof. Phelps.

A significant feature of the attendance was the number of graduates, who are evidently keeping up their intellectual interests, and enjoyed their lectures so much as to come back for more.

Some people wonder what the Mormon ceremony is like. It's something like this:

Preacher (to groom)—Do you take these women to be your lawfully wedded wives?

Groom—I do.

Preacher (to brides)—Do you take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband?

Brides—We do.

Preacher—Say, some of you women there in the rear will have to speak out if you want to get in on this.

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The Jolly Juniors

- A stands for Avery, a youth of our class
 Who chases the puck and is often called Chas
 B brings Birkinshaw, Broad, Bradley and Brown,
 Outstanding students, the best in the town.
 C gives us Carson, Cates, Coulter, Conly,
 A finer quartette nowhere can boast C.
 D ushers in Denham, Dawson, De Yong,
 And Davidson late our number among.
 E is responsible only for one;
 Easton is sure of his place in the sun.
 F is for Ferguson, blithe Eleanor,
 Ferrier and Foreman, whom all girls adore.
 G gives Lady Stick Gordon and Gill,
 And Griggs with his musical note so shrill.
 H hands us Howlett, a runner so fast,
 And also Harland who ever is last.
 I brings us Iredale, ever called Jean,
 Who other than smiling never was seen.
 J gives us a rest and a chance to coast;
 No member of '30 this letter can boast.
 K stands for King, a musician so true,
 Prof. Kirkconnell hon'ry president too.
 L brings us Lyons guarded by Love,
 A secretary good, as mild as a dove.
 M shoves in Musgrove, before the Scotch crowd,
 Macs—Kidd, 'Laren, 'Innes, 'Killop and 'Leod.
 N numbers Nettie Nedatafko,
 Here's where we slyly slip in our O.
 P presents us Peden, a freckled-faced lad,
 Who in neatest of clothes ever is clad.
 Q sends us in quest of a member bold,
 But finally shuts us out in the cold.
 R rings out Reynolds, our president fair,
 Echoing Robson with so friendly an air.
 S stands for Stinson, a friend good and true,
 And Swyers, a youth who is clever too.
 T turns in Turner, and clever is she;
 Also Talnicoff, Senior Stick to be.
 U is for United, so ever we stand
 For class and for college, a true noble band.
 W with Whitley our list does complete,
 Leaving X, Y and Z for others to meet.
 With a lusty shout make the blue skies quiver
 Till they resound with a "'30 FOREVER!"

Amenities of College Life

A pleasing complement of initiatory rites and First Year party-raids was supplied recently when Class '30 entertained Class '29 to a right-royal party in Osborne Hall. With stunts and eats and fun galore, the Juniors and Seniors enjoyed each other immensely, while the College Orchestra discoursed sweet music. We say Bravo! to the Thirties, who have set an example of *bonhommie* and comradeship to all the ensuing years.

Rev. George B. King

B.A., B.D., PH.D.

With the opening of the second term this year a strange face was seen in the halls of the College, and upon investigation it was found to be none other than that of Dr. G. B. King, who came from Toronto to take up, along with Mr. A. R. Cragg, work left vacant by the recent death of Prof. A. E. Hetherington.

Dr. King has had varied experiences throughout his travels in various lands. His early education

was received at Albert College, Belleville, from whence he went to Toronto University. Dr. King took an interest in books and was a frequent contributor to student publications. He graduated as an honors student in Oriental languages and later from Victoria College in Theology, with the gold medal.

Dr. King took postgraduate work at Harvard, and then set out to obtain his Ph.D. degree at Leipzig, Germany. However, the war broke out, and after many hazardous experiences, which cannot be related here, he managed to escape from Germany and returned to Toronto, where he obtained his doctorate.

Dr. King has taught at Albert College, Belleville; St. Stephen's, Edmonton, and Victoria College, Toronto. He also did much preaching, although never having a charge.

One of Dr. King's hobbies is newspaper work. Golfing and canoeing fill the Doctor's leisure moments during the summer months, while volleyball occupies his attention during the winter.

United Colleges welcome Dr. King to their midst and we hope that he will enjoy his work among us.—W.M.R., '31.

CAPITOL THEATRE

For Recreation

**EARL HILL AND HIS FAMOUS
CAPITOLIANS**

Alumni Alumnaeque

The Grads of Wesley mourn the loss of one of their early associates in the person of Dr. A. E. Hetherington. Vox extends its deepest sympathy to the bereaved family.

* * *

The Alumnae meetings held during the past two months have been enthusiastic and extremely interesting. On Saturday, February 9, the Club will meet at the home of Mrs. Dr. D. A. McKay, 364 Ash Street. Mrs. D. Digby Wheeler gave a most instructive and interesting talk on "Child Education." On Saturday, March 9, the Club met at the home of Mrs. Dr. M. S. Loughheed, 169 Lanark St. The graduating girls of '29 were the guests of the Club. Miss Mildred McMurray, '17, gave an extremely interesting address on certain phases of her work on Child Welfare.

* * *

Vox congratulates A. Russell Cragg, '18, M.A. Chicago '28, on his appointment to the lectureship in Religious Education at Wesley College.

* * *

Vox is glad to make the following wedding announcement, and to congratulate the happy couples:

John D. Murray, 25, and Miss Ruth Hart on Dec. 28, 1928. The latest despatch from Mr. and Mrs. Murray at Suite 3 Bradeen Court, Langside St., Winnipeg, is "You're never happy till married."

Miss Marie Durnir, '17, and Dr. Henry Granat. Dr. and Mrs. Granat reside in Vancouver, where the Doctor is engaged at the Vancouver Hospital.

James E. Maynard, '21, Ph.D. 1928, and Miss Jean Post of To-

ronto. Mr. and Mrs. Maynard have taken up residence in Toronto after an extended tour of the Western States.

Miss Florence Cameron, '26, and Mr. Enoch Gillam on December 28 at Cypress River. Mr. and Mrs. Gillam reside at 47 Ferndale Ave., Norwood, Winnipeg.

Miss A. Blanche Crosby, '24, and Mr. H. Victor Copley. Mr. and Mrs. Copley reside in Winnipeg.

* * *

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Osborne Parkinson (nee Miss Hazel McDonald, '22), who are the proud parents of a daughter, Donna Elaine.

Vox extends heartiest congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Charters

Society Brand Clothes

"It's the cut of the clothes that counts"—and you can pick out the man who wears a Society Brand Suit by its distinctive smartness and clean-cut style. Spring models are now on display. Come and see them.

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MEN'S SHOP

(nee Miss Edith Pitt, '25), whose home received a welcome guest, Joan Elizabeth, on March 8.

* * *

A letter from Leith Draper, '26, former Senior Stick, who is now studying at McGill, indicates that Leith is enjoying the work and intends to take up teaching in Economics.

* * *

A '17 Class reunion was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ewart Morgan, '17 (nee Alive Switzer, '17) on Saturday, March 16. Of the '17 Class present were Ewart Morgan and Mrs. Morgan, Charles Cook, Albert Cooke, D. A. Patterson, C. N. Halstead and Mrs. C. N. Halstead, Mildred McMurray, Florence McNair and Wesley Runions.

FREE SERVICE FOR POLITICIANS

1. Opposition party.
Formula for condensed appreciation of the government party.
"The great measures of
(fill in name of prime minister)
which produced three good harvests, have entirely revived prosperity.
2. Government party.
Sorry, but we cannot give free

service here. The Professional Union of Royal Commissioners won't allow us to work without pay. Nevertheless we are willing to do what we can, at the proper rate of remuneration.

3. Sundry politicians.

We are in process of inventing spectacles with replicas of cheques between the lenses. This will enable interested persons to see a cheque for \$150 instead of a Free Press in the hands of fellow-members. If it should be some other journal, it might be a cheque for \$50,000.

4. Liberal Party.

We will gladly lend our copy of Morley on Compromise.

5. Labor Party.

We have some good stock-exchange tips free-of-charge, guaranteed to be as reliable as some others.

6. Mr. Pratt.

One, any, or all of the Seven Sisters. Also a free chart of the seating possibilities of the Legislative chambers.

S. R. Mac—Why did you stop singing in the choir?

B. J. Mac—Because one day I didn't sing and somebody asked if the organ had been fixed.

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Fourth Flat Table

To our dear old Alma Mater,
Just at noon or maybe later,
Came a very learned Doctor
Of a very high degree.

And at night while all were sleeping,
And the dean no watch was keeping,
Soundly slept the new professor
Just next door to 33.

In the hall a board was creaking,
Someone for a keyhole seeking,
To initiate the Doctor.
They had planned the raid with glee.

Lest the Doctor only suffers
They will dump five other duffers;
All at once four doors fly open
Aided by a master key.

But the din that they are making
From their well-earned slumber waking,
Nocturnal noises terrify
35 and 33.

To these baffled bandits flying
Come the sounds of shrieks and crying,
While their more successful comrades
Do their stuff 'midst loud whoopee.

One had felt the water pouring
On his feet as he lay snoring.
As he felt the bed go over
What he said must censored be.

At this time the Doctor, sighing,
Salve and liniment applying,
Thought of student days at Albert;
"Boys are still the same," said he.

Next day when the Dean came seeking
Who the magic key was keeping,
Each boy told the same old story:
Each had slept most peacefully.

Since the "Doc" forgave them freely
Top flat boys respect him really,
He is now an honored member
Of our high fraternity.

—V. F. M.

The Last "Touch"

Dear Father: Once you said, "My son,
To manhood you have grown,
May others trust you, trust yourself
And learn to stand alone."
Now, father, soon I graduate,
And those who long have shown
How well they trust me want their pay
And I can stand a loan."

She sat on the steps in the even-tide
Enjoying the balmy air.
He came and asked, "May I sit by your side?"
And she gave him a "vacant stair."

"I fear you are forgetting me,"
She said in tones polite.
"I am, indeed, for getting you,
That's why I came tonight."



Learned United man proving to Brandon that Kellogg's Pact won't save the world. Brandon remained unconvinced, and the Pact stands where she stood.

On an Infinitude of Matter

(The less complimentary side of the usual graduation chatter.)

O Muse, inspire me now with grace to tell
 What lofty and what lowly thoughts impel
 The senior, late grown wise in worldly ways,
 Whose drooping glance and voice of manly bass
 Reveal with portent that the Season's come
 When he shall hold the earth beneath his thumb:
 Whose tribal garbs in all respects comply,
 Nor halted have fair Fashion's baneful eye;
 Whose ruddy cheek and smoothly tonsored chin,
 Have in this term not once unbarbered been.
 Observe him now, as off down-town he struts.
 How well he knows what swank his figure cuts;
 Which polka dot upon his neckerchief
 Will make their round eyes stare—yea, knock 'em stiff!
 He looks not in the windows on The Mall
 Because he has already seen them all.
 You will have seen him as he hove in sight,
 Swinging along upon a frosty night.
 He waves his arms, perchance he sports a cane.
 At those broad sail-like cuffs that flap and strain,
 The new Fords buck and snort with startled fear,
 While through their glasses spectered faces peer.
 He smokes perhaps—nor yet perhaps! At least
 He knows he's laid them flat as Fleischmann's Yeast.
 Then, on a Wrigley strip, the twinkling mite
 Proclaims fine prowess to the public sight.
 When he has left the empty avenue, straight
 To archives he will go with Wisdom's freight;
 Uncloaked, and robbed of feathered derby hat,
 Sits wisely down, as once bold Cicero sat.
 Although his chin is bald, without a doubt
 A moustache on his upper lip doth sprout,
 Which he doth twist, as 'mongst the learn'd he delves,
 And seems to awe the very books themselves;
 Until their cloth-bound backs do meekly curl
 Before the gaze of this potential earl.
 But speak, Muse; answer from the Hall of Fame,
 Let not these hollow words alone disclaim!
 Faintly a voice replies with sad despair:
 "Alas! I only know he combs his hair!"

—W. R. F.

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At the Petty Sessions

(ENGLISH OFFICE, WEDNESDAY)

A remarkable story was unfolded during the hearing of a case under the Wild Bird's Protective Act, before Mr. Justice Riddell, on Friday last, when Samuel Taylor Coleridge, described as a sailor, of no fixed abode, was charged with having shot at and killed an Albatross. Accused admitted the charge, but pleaded extenuating circumstances, alleging that the bird had followed the ship for several days and, in his opinion, had brought bad luck.

Police Constable Richardson, who arrested Coleridge, said he had done so at the request of a gentleman who had been delayed in attending a wedding in consequence of having been detained by accused, who made a confession to him. Accused had approached other men with a similar object: the crime seemed to have preyed on his mind. A fine of five dollars was imposed.

ARE WE CONSCIOUS?

(Continued from page 12)

like McDougall are set at the task of proving that consciousness is a fact—something as patent (they say) as that man is a biped. Criticism is levelled at the way the Behaviorist brushes aside the mental processes and "facts" of human experience. When a fact does not fit their theory it is the fact that must go. Another criticism is that neural correlations can never be traced because of their complexity and so behavior should not be explained by such means. Nor does the accompaniment of visceral, glandular and neural reactions explain the "why" of behavior. In short, they

contend that a man is more than a mass of muscular contractions. The most damaging theory brought out against Watson's is the Gestalt theory of Koehler and Kaffka, but in this paper there is not room to do more than mention it.

While we may not care to subscribe to the views of the Behaviorists, we must credit them with hastening the day when Psychology should become an exact science. Many men have worked honestly but have not given the scientific impetus to this subject that has been given it by Watson. Behaviorism will pass away, as has many another system, but in the meantime it has done a praiseworthy work.

A MILESTONE IN CANADIAN CRITICISM

(Continued from page 10)

the firm expression of an opinion on the part of a few expert persons whose views are founded on principle and reason still exercises a very great authority on the better class of readers. When it ceases to do so, the reign of chaos will have set in.'

"The English critic refers, I believe, to a function of literary criticism which, though important, I cannot consider as essential. It consists, of course, in the guidance the critic affords to the public when it takes purse in hand to buy books. Whether, at the time when the author lives, his books are extensively bought or not, may matter to the author as a person; though I have found that a great immediate success usually does them vastly more harm than good. Some of the most gifted authors living at the present time—talents that might have become geniuses—have been trans-

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formed, by that success, into mere purveyors of reading matter for sale to his Satanic majesty, the illiterate public. I quote the passage, however, solely because it testifies to the influence of literary criticism on the public: an influence which can arise from one source only, namely, the respect in which, in England, expertness is held. That influence is a fact in the older countries, and even more so in France, Germany, Italy, than in England.

Critic Deals with Ideas

"Now criticism, in contradistinction to art, deals primarily with ideas. The concrete, spiritual experience into which facts of reality have to be transformed in order to become subject-matter for art is, by criticism, analyzed and recreated as an abstract idea. Art, though it neither originates nor develops ideas, often uses them, especially in the art-form of literature, as media of expression. It is clear, then, that criticism, by dispersing and clarifying ideas—and ideas concerned with the spiritual experience of humanity—will tend to create an atmosphere, mental and spiritual, which is uniform throughout appreciable fractions of the population—and that the fraction which becomes articulate in public life; and at the same time it will develop one of the most valuable tools of literary art.

"Now it is characteristic that the great flowering periods of art in the great nations that were peculiarly favored and predisposed, by their temperament, to produce great art have invariably been periods in which a large body of ideas, religious or temporal, perhaps long prepared, perhaps quickly developed, was almost universally and homogeneously spread throughout

the racial or national groups to which the great creators in the realm of art belonged. In some cases this spread seems to have been spontaneous, though we may have that impression simply as a result of our ignorance; for a nation is never more than the sum of its individuals; and perhaps we simply do not happen to know the names of the great critics who spread the ideas. Greek tragedy arose and flowered and fruited at the time when the idea of the city-state had taken hold of the Athenians; when splendor meant national splendor, not individual wealth; when Pericles, after working all day at beautifying Athens by the most perfect buildings the world has ever seen, at night returned to his poverty-

stricken house which we should consider a hovel hardly fit to give shelter to the pioneer at the outskirts of civilization. Elizabethan drama arose when the Renaissance had pervaded the civilized world, penetrating and unifying the world of ideas everywhere by a new ideal, that of the 'humanities.' The classical German drama arose when Lessing and Herder, in the midst of surroundings of an unimaginable pedantry, had proclaimed, to the acclamation of a disrupted nation, their ideas of a new, national literature which, though German in content, was to be ageless and without geographical border-line to its appeal. In these three cases, the ideal audience of which I have spoken, the invisible audience of

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the ages, had suddenly become the concrete audience which we call the public.

"We have, here, then, another, a vital, the most important function of the critic. He must sift—does not the very word originally mean sifter?—and judge ideas, after having created them—ideas which have eternal value. The fundamental idea which stands behind all art, the idea of beauty, is one of the great realities, of vastly greater importance than economic prosperity; it is one of the immortal needs of mankind, without which it cannot have 'life.' By insisting on that, the critic must, in an economically heterogeneous mass, in 'the public, produce that homogeneity of judgment as to what is excellent which we call 'taste' and which is characteristic of those nations which present to us, as such, the

spectacle of a spiritual individuality, as France, or Greece, or the Germany of 100 years ago.

"And I might add in conclusion, that such a national movement of art—or, in other words, of a unified spiritual experience—is the only thing which, in a wider outlook, has ever justified the existence of any nation on earth."

GREEK CLASSIC DRAMA: ITS ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT

(Continued from page 20)

Aeschylus

Aeschylus is a poet of the highest order. Some critics put him even above "Omero poeta sovrano," as Dante calls the poet of poets. His high rank in antiquity is attested by the fact that 52 of his works won the first prize, and that after his death his spirit ruled the stage.

Theoretically, however, Sophocles is the chief of the three. Aeschylus lacks the grace and nobleness so characteristic of Sophocles. But as Croiset, French Historian, puts it, what Nature denied Aeschylus in gracefulness, gentleness and charm, she repaid him in force of mind and power of imagination. There was in him a force of soul which impelled him to try to penetrate the mysteries of existence, and a power of imagination which assisted his soul in its upward flights.

He was instinctively religious. Zeus is represented as the supreme sovereign unscrupulous in his omnipotence.

Fate is a concurrent agency. The fall of Troy is decreed by fate but



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Zeus assents to please Hera. But whether Zeus or Fate, it is Justice that rules. A crime committed must be atoned for. There is no escape for the sinner. The administration of the Laws of Justice and Destiny is in the hands of Zeus. Justice is the virgin daughter of Zeus. The function of Zeus, then, is to govern the world in accordance with the laws of Justice which have been ordained by Fate and Necessity as the established order of the Universe.

But in *Prometheus* Zeus is presented in a different light.

The subject of *Prometheus* is the punishment of Prometheus for raising mankind from their brutish condition and teaching them the use of fire and various other arts, in defiance of the commands of Zeus. For this offence he is chained to a rock near the ocean, and finally plunged into the depths of Tartarus. It is intimated, how-

ever, in the course of the drama, that he will be delivered by a descendant of Io, and that Zeus will be impelled to consent to his release in order to learn from him the secret of a certain danger by which he is threatened. In all his other plays Zeus is the personification of perfect justice, but in *Prometheus Bound* he is presented as an odious tyrant punishing Prometheus for his services to mankind. This can be explained, as Haig points out in his excellent work on the Greek Drama, by the fact that the story of Prometheus, resolute in self-devotion and unshaken by threats of vengeance, offered a splendid subject for Tragedy.

The central idea of the play, that of a god submitting on his own free will to ages of torments in order to rescue mankind from their degradation, is perceived by some of the early fathers as a pre-sentiment of Christian Doctrine.

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The Art of Sophocles

Sophocles is proclaimed the supreme among the three Dramatists. He is not so profound or religious as Aeschylus, but he possessed the balance of qualities, that is, he had all the desirable qualities without each hampering the other. Sophocles is full of pathos, but only so much as to be compatible with his general effect.

He commands superb language, but near enough to the ordinary as not to be thought affected.

He ponders the mysteries of the Universe deeply enough to shake the heart without agonizing it.

Here was a man who did and does please everyone.

Prof. Gilbert Norwood, of the University of Toronto, in his works, "The Writers of Greece," says:

"Sophocles is the consummation of the Athenian Age. If we prefer Homer to him, it is because we prefer action to thought; if Shakespeare, it is because color is more to us than balance; if Goethe, it is because we value intellect above emotion; if Dante, it is because God is more real to us than man."

Sophocles' literary characteristics are finish of language, careful elaboration of motives, delicate character drawing, tender sympa-

thy towards the importance of human nature. And Sophocles is the master craftsman of dramatic irony.

The Antigone

He took as a motive to his *Antigone* a deep and difficult question of political and ethical science, the relation of the individual citizen to the State. What shall a man do if his duty of obedience to the Government of his country conflicts with other duties. Are there any obligations higher than that of loyalty to the laws of his nation? The poet says that there are such, for instance, certain obligations to religion.

In this play there are two wonderful choral odes. A hymn to human ingenuity which has subdued earth, water and air, and their inhabitants, and has invented language, political institutions and the healing art:

"Many are the wonderful things, and there is nothing more wonderful than man. He goes impelled by the stormy south wind to the further side of the white sea, passing beneath engulfing waves. And he wears out Earth, the supreme of the gods, the immortal, the unwearied, breaking the globe with offspring of horses as the ploughs go around from year to year."

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"And speech and thought swift as wind and feelings of social life he taught himself, as well as how to shun the shafts of uncomfortable frosts under the open sky and driving rains; resourceful in everything he is, and without resource he meets nothing which must come. Only he cannot procure for himself an escape from death. He has, however, jointly with others, devised escapes of irremediable malady."

Shakespeare puts in the mouth of Hamlet something almost identical:

"What a piece of work is a man. How noble in reason. How infinite in faculty; in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action how like an angel; in apprehension how like a God: the beauty of the world: the paragon of animals."

Another sings of the power of love.

"Love, unconquerable warrior, love, who fall upon man's possessions, who make your couch upon the cheeks of a maid. And you roam over the sea and in dwellings of pastoral fields. And not one of the immortals can escape you nor any of the short-living men, and he who has you is mad."

Euripides, the Modern

Euripides is usually considered equal to his two predecessors, Aeschylus and Sophocles. It has been said that loftiness characterizes Aeschylus, beauty Sophocles, and pathos Euripides. Considering Euripides, however, in the development of the Greek theatre, and in the history of Dramatic poetry in general, he certainly represents the quick decline of the art. His two predecessors, of illustrious families and with wonderful upbringing, came out of the very sanctuary of the Greek race and of the Greek religion. Euripides, of a poor family, lived among Sophists and Demagogues.

Unfortunately Euripides, who had inborn in him the spirit of contradiction, was distracted by the daemon of criticism and negation, and this daemon threw down his gods, destroyed the heroes and brought Tragedy down to the conversation of the Agore and the base quarrels of the home.

Aeschylus and Sophocles saw mankind through the magnificent mythology and the heroic traditions.

Euripides did the same thing. But whatever Euripides the Poet conceives with his magnificent

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imagination, Euripides the Critic analyzes and often stifles.

Aeschylus and Sophocles believe deeply in the existence of a divine life in Nature and the gods are eloquent symbols of that power.

But Euripides is a Sophist. He discusses gods. He is not afraid of them, and occasionally he mocks them, and interprets their acts through natural and cosmogonic theories.

The Chorus is not any longer the inspired interpreter of the great religious and ethical truths set forth in the plan, but simply a witness of the dramatic action.

He also shows a profound change of spirit. Persons and classes hitherto condemned and ignored, receive from him not necessarily praise, but lively interest, sympathy and attention.

In Euripides, then, we see the qualities of the modern romantic drama. The question arises, would it be possible for moderns to turn to the dramatic tradition of the Greeks, and produce similar masterpieces. Euripides, who heralds the decline of the Greek drama, supplies the answer. The sanctions of certain religious conventions and a paramount interest in the hero or demi-god, are neces-

sary to the ancient art. Weakening of these sanctions, questionings of religion, and a new interest in the average man of democracy, together with the modern interest in the portrayal of character-development (impossible to the ancient drama) preclude the likelihood of such a revival.

Maurice (to his cuspidor squad)
—Remember that hockey develops individuality, initiative, leadership. Now get in there, and do exactly as I tell you.

He—May I have the last dance with you?

She—Don't worry, you already have.

Prof.—I will not go on with the lecture till the room settles down.

Bright One—Better go home and sleep it off, old man.

B.T.R. to D.O. (the morning after he read an English Club paper on John Stuart Mill)—Well, Dave, how do you feel after going through the Mill?

Dave—Fine! How is't you art?

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"WHY I AM NOT A THEOLOGUE"

(Continued from page 36)

a man: "Why then do you refuse to enter the Church?" His reply is the expression of hundreds of students scattered throughout all the institutions of higher education. They feel that they cannot be restrained and hemmed in by worn-out creeds and beliefs, and that any advance in thought in the pulpit is not welcomed by the average man in the pew who rises up in indignation and holy wrath if any ancient formula is contradicted. The stigma applied to such clergymen as dare to depart from the beaten path is "modernist" (a term that is synonymous to some with his satanic majesty). He said: "Because of our advanced thought I feel that our work would not be accepted to the Churches. Nor can we be reproached for refusing to enter the ministry. Our educational training has taught us to think and we have experienced the intense satisfaction that comes from thinking. Can we be blamed for refusing to enter a profession in which the great majority of those who have undertaken it are forbidden to think except within the narrowest limits? No, I am afraid that if in my intellectual development I come to hold certain opinions my services will not be desired in the Church."

I replied that in this very condition lies a great challenge and his answer was: "The Church does not want to be challenged and has no patience with the so-called heretic, and her motive for this is often merely prudential."

I have endeavored to bring the answers of the students without modifying any of the statements

or trying to tone them down. That the problem is pertinent need not be emphasized, and from all appearances authorities in the Churches will have to grapple with the problem of enlightening students regarding the calling of which so little seems to be known, and of the transition within the Church from old to new thought, a transition that is gaining pace rapidly.

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Reynolds—Would you accept a pet monkey, Nora?

Nora—Oh, This is so sudden! You will have to ask father.

Nan W. at chapel, as we read a Psalm—What does "Selah" mean? Why don't we read it?

Hazel—Oh, that's what David used to say whenever he broke one of the strings on his harp.

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